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Cover

Artist **Joe Phelan** has combined three photographs by **Don Bronstein** for a ski atmosphere. Up front are Bede Rondeau and Jerry Wesslen, ski instructors at Mount Telemark. The story is "Ski Boom Town," page 25.

Contributors

Gwendolyn Brooks is a well known Chicago author who won the 1950 Pulitzer prize in poetry for "Annie Allen." **The Rise of Maud Martha** is a sequel to her novel, "Maud Martha."

Paris and Chicago are the favorite cities of **James T. Farrell,** a native son who has become one of the country's most distinguished literary men. The author of **Ben Hecht in 30-Year Perspective** will be a frequent contributor to future issues of CHICAGO.

"Poetry" and many other magazines have published the work of **Galway Kinnell (La Salle Street).**

RADIO STATION WFMT——

——— devotes its entire 56-hour weekly schedule to serious music, poetry, discussion and drama

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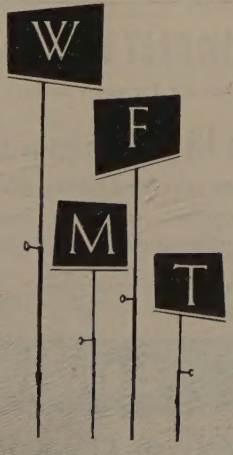
——— publishes WFMT PROGRAM GUIDE at the subscription rate of $4 for one year; $10 for three years; and $15 for five years. The Guide provides hourly listings of the programs to be broadcast by WFMT, and includes, in the February issue:

Weekly 'live' broadcast-concerts by The Fine Arts Quartet
David Randolph with "Music for the Connoisseur"
Jazz — On Records
All of the music of Beethoven on LP
International Society for Contemporary Music discussions
The Art Institute's presentations of "A Curator's Course"
Studs Terkel's "Almanac"
The Hi Fi Records
James R. Lawson Carillon Recitals **from Rockefeller Memorial Chapel**
A World Library of Folk and Primitive Music
Schoenberg's "Gurre-Leider"
A Carnegie Hall recital by Wilhelm Backhaus
Mozart's "Great Mass in C, K. 427"
Caribbean Folk Songs
Mendelssohn's "Elijah, Op. 70"
Haydn's "The Seasons"
Hour-and-a-half Library of Congress chamber music concerts
Music from Israel by Y. Boehm
Schubert's "Symphony No. 9" conducted by Furtwangler
"My Fatherland" **the complete symphonic cycle** by Smetana
"The Golden Apple"
Complete performance of seven operas
Chaucer's "Canterbury Tales" **the Nevill Coghill translation**
Richard Bales' "The Confederacy"
"John Brown's Body" by Stephen Vincent Benet
An Elizabethan Theatre series
"**Poetry Magazine** on the Air"
Gilbert Highet talks on "People, Places and Books"
Shakespeare's "Macbeth" **with Alec Guinness and Pamela Brown**
"Winnie-the-Pooh" **for the young ones**
"My First Novel" **Rosamond Lehmann, Joyce Cary, and others**



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Fanny's Column

by Fanny Lazzar

THE FIRE OF MY CHILDHOOD HAS smouldered for a long time . . . but now and then it bursts forth afresh and inflames my being with joy. The tangled skein of my thoughts this morning produced nothing. Picked up Tasso's poetry for inspiration . . . and a shiver ran thru me. A tress of black hair falls out of the book. Mama's hair. It is like a spark . . . the conflagration starts anew in my soul. A lock of hair . . . black as midnight. Tied with a lavender ribbon. I well remember how I got that lock of hair. Italy, 1913. Mama, my brother, sister and I lived at the palazzo with my uncle, the doctor, and my aunt.

ON THIS PARTICULAR DAY I WAS ill abed because I had eaten too many grapes. Aunt Delfina gave me a reprimand. "Gluttony is a monstrous thing." "I am not a glutton," I answered quickly . . . "I love to eat." "Good eating is as much a merit as to be intelligent . . . but stuffing yourself like a pig . . . is deplorable."

MY UNCLE . . . THE DOCTOR CAME in. He loved and understood children. "Uncle, when you were a child did you ever stuff yourself with food?" His laughter roared . . . he kissed me and answered: "Mama said over-eating made dullards, so we were given so much and no more at meals . . . and so I stuffed myself in private. Children will always eat their fill . . . somehow."

HERE THEN LAY THE ART OF HIS charm . . . to make a little girl who "stuffed" retain that enthusiasm about eating. "Do you think I will grow up stupid if I eat too much?" I asked him. He laughed again. "Appetite, plenitude, satiety, make intelligence grow." he said. And he was called away.

MAMA CAME UPSTAIRS. SHE WAS SO very beautiful. I was seven . . . she 24. Her black hair fell in ringlets. I wanted a lock of hair. I got it . . . tied with a lavender bow. She reminded me . . . of lily white petals. She had a gentility of manner and soul . . . that the modern woman lacks. An inner beauty . . . a warmth. Limpid purity. Like a cloud over a star.

AH . . . IT IS SWEET TO THINK . . . that only a lock of hair could rekindle . . . that ecstasy of the precious hours mama was with me . . . and every one of those hours . . . spell out a sparkle in the fire of my reverence..and childhood.

Fanny's

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Readers & Writers

Affinity

Sir: The January issue of CHICAGO has set a proud precedent that I hope may be followed thruout the next year. Despite your expressed ideals and the encouraging evidence of affinity your publication has for the greatness that is to be found in this city, I find it difficult for my exuberance over the Louis Sullivan article to displace discouragement felt after reading the Paul Warren exposition ["Jazz and Crime"] in the previous issue . . .

It is hoped that CHICAGO will reach a wide audience, but I don't think you want the "true confession" fan with the eagerness Mr. Warren seems to exhibit. The transgressions of musicians are undoubtedly as frequent and of similar latitude as those of journalists, but the sweeping and damning generalizations Warren has made should not go unchallenged . . .

It is a constant source of pleasure to me that there exists, at last, a magazine which has taken upon itself the task of making Chicago a self-conscious community. There is a great deal of power that may become yours, providing your growth follows a well-ordered pattern. There is every indication that such will be the case. Chicago is a city that has been in journalistic fallow long enough. The secret of your success is that you must plow faithfully to the contours that are in this land where the prairie meets the lake. The cultural wealth of this city cannot be depleted if you fail in your goals, but the harvest will be a rich one for all of us if you succeed.

D. W. WIEDEMANN,
Western Springs

Mahalia — Two Views

Sir: I was interested in comparing your article on Mahalia Jackson [November] with the one that appeared in *Life* in December. It is the difference in point of view that is indicative, I think. *Life* talks about her Cadillac, Terkel in CHICAGO talks about her dedication. And it is CHICAGO that, in my opinion, deserves the plaudits.

MRS. CHARLES H. INGERSOLL

17,482

Sir: How many readers identified the Latin quotation, *Crescat scientia vita excolatur,* on page 16 of your November issue [West of the Water Tower] as the motto of the University of Chicago?

MAURICE F. X. DONOHUE,
Dean, University College

Suburban Opinion

Sir: A January article titled "Textbooks of Terror" is subheaded "Comics sold here offer visual education in murder, torture and indecent assault." Altho the article is tied to the Chicago scene by its reference to a recent squall created when Rabbi Leonard C. Mishkin blamed comic books as one of the causes of West Side teen-age violence, this is not a subject which is for Chicagoans by Chicagoans, and *about* Chicago. It is a nationally prominent and nationally readable topic.

I question whether an article of such universal appeal is the best article that CHICAGO can print . . . CHICAGO's success lies not in spreading itself thin for wide readership—it lies in its capacity to present articles of intense interest to Chicagoans. The more universally appealing an article is, the less appealing to a specific group. CHICAGO is, according to its editors, aimed at a specific group: Chicagoans. Keep the articles and stories in CHICAGO of *particular* interest to Chicago and you will be more accurately achieving that aim.

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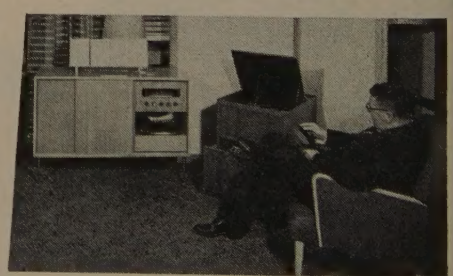

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February 1955

Chicago

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photographs by Lee Balterman

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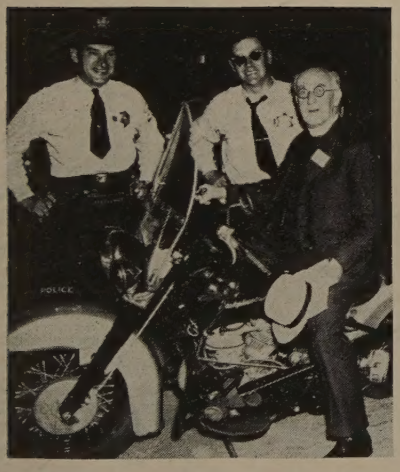

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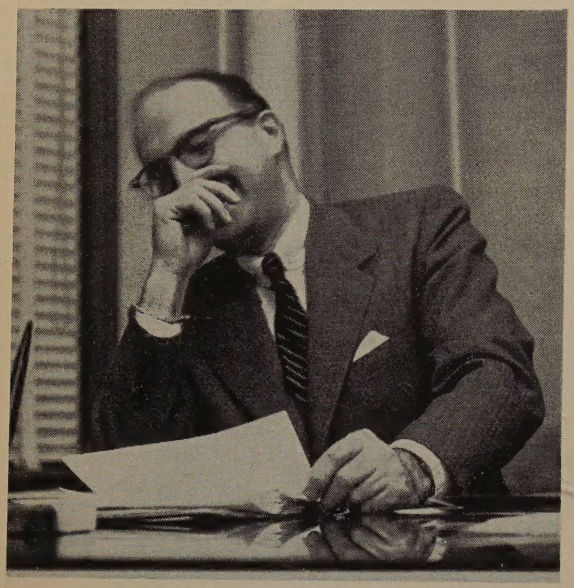
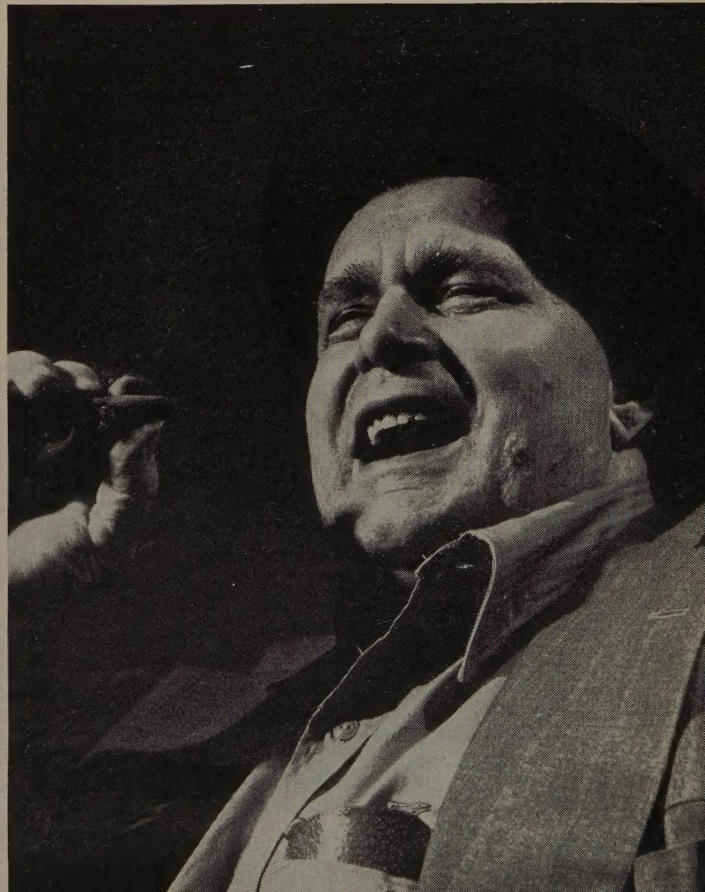


What's Funn

photographs by Lee Balterm

Tho the occasions for laughter vary with age and education, the need for it is the same and irresistible for everyone. Just at the instant of release are: an executive, a baby, a chef, an office worker, a janitor, and a model.



WHAT GOES ON HERE

listings of local events, with emphasis on entertainment

THEATER

Oh, Men! Oh, Women! Harris, 170 n. Dearborn (CE 6-8240). Ralph Bellamy and Joan Gray mix psychiatry and romance. Nightly, 8:30; mat. Sat., 2:30.

The King and I, Shubert, 22 w. Monroe (CE 6-8240). Delightful Rodgers and Hammerstein musical. Patricia Morison is Anna and Yul Brynner is the King of Siam. Nightly except Sun., 8:20; mat. Wed. & Sat., 2:20.

The Fifth Season, Erlanger, 127 n. Clark (ST 2-2459). Comedy, girls and the garment industry. Joseph Buloff and Chester Morris. Nightly except Mon., 8:30; mat. Sat. & Sun., 2:30.

Ethel Waters, Opera house, 20 n. Wacker (FI 6-0270). Feb. 12, 8:30 p.m.; Feb. 13, 2:30 p.m. "At Home with Ethel Waters," an evening of readings.

This Is Cinerama, Eitel's Palace, 159 w. Randolph (AN 3-0055). Still sightly after 1½ years. Nightly, Sun.-Thu., 8:30; Fri., 7 & 10; Sat., 7:30 & 10:30. Mat., Mon.-Thu. & Sat., 2:30; Fri., 1; Sun., 2 & 5.

repertory & university

Chicago Equity Library theater, 72 e. 11th (WE 5-6377). Feb. 17, 19 & 20, "Love Me Long." 8:30 p.m.

Playwrights theater, 1205 n. Dearborn (WH 3-2272). Thru Feb. 13, "Macbeth." Opening Feb. 16, "Round Dance." Nightly, except Mon. Wed. thru Sat., 8:30; Tues. & Sun., 7:30.

Northwestern university, Cahn auditorium, Sheridan rd., Evanston (UN 4-1907). Feb. 1 thru 5, "Uncle Vanya." 8:30 p.m.

DANCE

Ballet Theater, Opera House, 20 n. Wacker (FI 6-0270). Feb. 27 thru Mar. 5. Nightly, 8:30; mat. Sat., 2:30.

MUSIC

Chicago Symphony orchestra, Orchestra hall, 220 s. Michigan (HA 7-0363). Thu. & Sat., 8:15 p.m.; Tue. & Fri., 2 p.m. **Feb.: 3** (Thu.) & **4** (Fri.) Fritz Reiner, cond., Robert Casadesus, piano, soloist; Piano Concerto in A Major, Mozart; Concerto for Left Hand, Ravel; Overture in D major, Handel; "Night on Bear Mountain," Moussorgsky; "Afternoon of a Faun," Debussy; finale, act. 3, "Die Gotterdammerung," Wagner. **8** (Tue.), Reiner, cond., Overture in D major, Handel; "Eine Kleine Nachtmusik," Mozart; "Don Juan," Strauss; "Night on Bear Mountain," Moussorgsky; "Classical" symphony, Prokofiev; "Afternoon of a Faun," Debussy; finale, act 3, "Die Gotterdammerung," Wagner. **10** (Thu.) & **11** (Fri.), Reiner, cond., Overture, "Colas Breugnon," Kabalevsky; "Lieutenant Kije" suite, Prokofiev; "Manfred" symphony, Tchaikovsky. **17** (Thu.) & **18** (Fri.), Reiner, cond., Claudio Arrau, piano, soloist; Brandenburg Concerto No. 2, Bach; Symphony No. 102, Haydn; Piano Concerto No. 2, Brahms. **22** (Tue.), Reiner, cond., Claudio Arrau, piano, soloist; overture, "The Fan," Toch; Symphony No. 40, Mozart; Piano Concerto No. 2, Brahms. **24** (Thu.) & **25** (Fri.), Reiner, cond., John Weicher, violin, soloist; overture, "Neues vom Tage," Hindemith; Violin Concerto, Mohaupt; Symphony No. 9, Bruckner. (Programs subject to change.)

Allied Arts concerts, Orchestra hall (FR 2-0566). Unsubscribed series tickets are put on general sale three weeks before concerts. **Feb.: 5,** 8:30 p.m., Jan Peerce, tenor; **6,** 3:30 p.m., Zino Francescatti, violin; **13,** 3:30, Clifford Curzon, piano; **19,** 8:30, Wilhelm Backhaus, piano; **20,** 3:30, Jascha Heifetz, violin; **26,** 8:30, Leonard Warren, baritone; **27,** 3:30, Detroit Symphony orchestra.

Budapest quartet, Mandel hall, U. of Chicago, 57th & University (MI 3-0800). Feb. 25, 8:30 p.m.

Fine Arts quartet, Kimball hall, 306 s. Wabash (WE 9-6450). Feb. 1, 7, 15 & 22, 8:30 p.m.

Int'l Society for Contemporary Music, Fullerton hall, Art Institute, Michigan at Adams (PL 2-5319). Feb. 20, 8:20 p.m. Music for mixed choir and music for brass ensemble.

Byron Janis, piano, Orchestra hall, Feb. 1, 8:30 p.m.

University Chamber Music players, Mandel hall, U. of Chicago, Feb. 25, 8:30 p.m.

Daniel Wavenberg, piano, Orchestra hall, Feb. 15, 8:30 p.m.

jazz

Birdland Stars of 1955, Opera house, 20 n. Wacker (FI 6-0270). Feb. 20, Sarah Vaughn, Count Basie, George Shearing and others. 7 & 10 p.m.

SPECIAL EVENTS

Annual Azalea and Camellia show, Lincoln park (Fullerton & Stockton) and Garfield park (300 n. Central Park) conservatories (HA 7-5252). Opens Feb. 13, 9 a.m. to 9 p.m. Free.

Golden Gloves, North Side trials, St. Andrew's gymnasium, 3546 n. Paulina, Feb. 7, 8, 10. South Side trials, St. Rita's gymnasium, 6243 s. Fairfield, Feb. 14, 15, 16. City finals, St. Andrew's, Feb. 22. Tournament of Champions, Chicago stadium, Feb. 28, Mar. 1 & 2. Starting time of bouts to be announced. Annual amateur boxing competition sponsored by Chicago Tribune Charities, Inc.

Int'l Exhibition of Nature Photography, Natural History museum, Field & Lake Shore drs., (WA 2-9410). Feb. 1 thru 28, Stanley Field hall. Tenth annual exhibit sponsored jointly by Chicago Nature Camera club and the museum.

Int'l Sports and Outdoor show, Int'l amphitheater, 43rd & Halsted (YA 7-5580). Feb. 19 thru 27, noon to 11 p.m. Annual show for sports enthusiasts with exhibits of sporting goods and equipment.

National Boat show, Intl amphitheater, Feb. 4 thru 16, 1 to 11 p.m. 22nd annual Chicago boating show with displays of boats and boating equipment. Stage show nightly at 8; mat. Sat. & Sun., 3. Eddy Howard's orchestra and variety acts.

Shrine Circus, Medinah temple, 600 n. Wabash (WH 4-4266). Opening Feb. 25, afternoon and evening performances.

ART EXHIBITS

Art Institute, Michigan at Adams (CE 6-7080). **New exhibits:** thru Feb. 20, exhibition of great French paintings from the 15th to the 20th century, in memory of Chauncey McCormick, galleries 51, 52 & 53; thru Feb. 28, a small retrospective of Mark Tobey's work, gallery of art interpretation. **Continuing:** thru Mar. 1, photographs by Izis, French landscape photographer, gallery 5; thru Feb. 27, illustrations by Max Gubler for Ernest Hemingway's "The Old Man and the Sea," gallery 11; thru Feb. 26, silk screen prints by Dean J. Meeker, gallery 11; thru Feb. 1, an exhibition of prints and drawings by Daumier and Toulouse-Lautrec, in memory of Carter H. Harrison, galleries 16 & 17; thru Feb. 15, recent acquisitions of Chinese paintings, sculpture, lacquers and ceramics, gallery H-9. Mon.-Sat., 9 a.m. to 5 p.m.; Sun. & hol., noon to 5 p.m. Free Wed., Sat., Sun. & hol.

Arts Club of Chicago, 109 e. Ontario (SU 7-3997). Paintings by Hedda Sterne and Hazel Janicki; drawings by Joseph Glasco. Mon.-Sat., 9:30 a.m. to 5:30 p.m.

1020 Art Center, 1020 Lake Shore dr. (MI 2-2433). Paintings and graphics by Max Beckmann. Daily, 10 a.m. to 5 p.m.

Institute of Design, 632 n. Dearborn (DE 7-4688). Thru Feb. 11, "Enriching Children's Art"; Feb. 17, joint faculty exhibit. Mon.-Fri., 9 a.m. to 9 p.m., except Wed. to 6 p.m.

Scott hall, Northwestern university, Chicago at Sheridan, Evanston (UN 4-1900, ext. 230). Feb. 2 thru 26, drawings, paintings and collages by George M. Cohen. Mon.-Sat., 9 a.m. to 5 p.m.

Mandel Bros. galleries, 1 n. State (ST 2-1500, ext. 892). Paintings by John D. McNee jr., Jean Plautt and Victor Ing. Mon.-Sat., 9:15 a.m. to 5:45 p.m., except Mon. & Thu. to 8:30 p.m.

Allan Frumkin gallery, 152 e. Superior (SU 7-0564). Paintings by Richard Diebenkorn. Mon.-Sat., 11 a.m. to 6 p.m.

Riccardo's restaurant, 437 Rush (SU 7-2874). Work by members of the North Shore Art league. Mon.-Sat., 11:30 a.m. to 4 a.m.; Sun. & hol. from 1 p.m.

Main Street gallery, Main Street Book store, 642 n. Michigan (SU 7-6600). Paintings by Manlio Guberti, contemporary Roman painter. Mon.-Fri., 9 a.m. to 9 p.m.; Sat., to 6 p.m.

Chicago Galleries association, 30 s. Michigan (CE 6-9646). Feb. 2 thru 23, paintings by Tunis Ponsen, Karl Warren and Agda Viker. Mon.-Fri., 9 a.m. to 5 p.m.; Sat., to 4 p.m.

LECTURES

Art Institute, Michigan at Adams (CE 6-7080). **Art thru Travel series,** Sun., 2:30 p.m., Fullerton hall. **Feb.: 6** & **13,** "Switzerland and Western Germany," Dr. Dudley Crafts Watson; **20,** "Paris Forever," Dr. Watson. **Curator's Course series,** Wed., 7:30 p.m., club room, free. **Feb.: 2,** "Textiles and the Painter," Mildred Davison; **9,** "Artist-Craftsmen of Ancient Peru," Alan R. Sawyer; **16,** "Adventures in Buying Art Books," Ruth Schoneman (Ryerson library). **Wednesday noon series,** 12:30 to 1 p.m., free. **Feb.: 9,** French paintings: Chauncey McCormick Memorial exhibit.

Anshe Emet forum, Solomon Goldman auditorium, 4040 Sheridan (BU 1-1423). Tues., 8:30 p.m. Feb. 1, "The Crisis in American Education," Robert Maynard Hutchins. Feb. 8, "The Supporting Cast of the Bible," Maurice Samuel. Feb. 15, "The Meaning of Modern Art," Prof. Thomas M. Folds. Feb. 22, "Understanding Modern Literature," Karl Shapiro.

Burton Holmes travelogs, Orchestra hall, 220 s. Michigan (FR 2-0566). Fri., 8:30 p.m.; Sat., 2 p.m.; Mon., 8 p.m. Feb. 18, 19 & 21, "Cairo to Baghdad," Thayer Soule; Feb 25, 26 & 28, "The Caribbean," Thayer Soule.

Roosevelt university, 430 s. Michigan (WA 2-3580). Feb. 9, 8 p.m., "Is it Neces-

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sary to Win Friends and Influence People?" Panel discussion.

Temple Emanuel, 5959 Sheridan (KE 9-4217). Feb. 27, 8:30 p.m., readings by Ogden Nash.

U. of Chicago lectures, U. of Chicago campus (MI 3-0800). Oriental Institute, 8:30 p.m. Feb. 9, "Explorations in the Negev, 1954," Nelson Gluck. Feb. 17, "Minoan and Mycenaean Scripts," Mrs. Emmett L. Bennett jr. Free.

University college, U. of Chicago, 19 s. La Salle (DE 2-7245). **Distinguished Service lectures:** Feb. 25, "Antibody Formation—Defense against Infectious Disease," William H. Taliaferro (116 s. Michigan). **The Good Life series:** Feb. 4, "How Other Cultures View the Good Life," Jules Henry (116 s. Michigan). **Poet Speaks series:** Feb. 11, Chad Walsh and William Saunders. **Works of the Mind series:** Feb. 18, "Aristotle: Ethics," Charles W. Wegener (116 s. Michigan). 8 p.m.

World Travel Adventure forum, Kimball hall, 306 s. Wabash (WE 9-6450). Feb. 13, "Puerto Rico and Virgin Islands," Robert Davis. Feb. 27, "Pacific Coast Highlights," Julian Gromer. 2:30 & 5 p.m.

MUSEUMS

Adler Planetarium, lake front near Roosevelt rd. (WA 2-1428). Lecture chamber closed during Feb. Daily, 10 a.m. to 5 p.m., except Tue. & Fri. to 9 p.m. Free Wed., Sat. & Sun.

Chicago Historical society, Clark & North (MI 2-4600). Special exhibit: American Photography, 1845-65. Pioneer photographic media—daguerreotype, ambertype, tintype and first paper photography. Top floor, three galleries. Weekdays, 9:30 a.m. to 4:30 p.m.; Sun. & hol., 12:30 to 5:30 p.m. Free weekdays.

George F. Harding museum, 4853 Lake Park (KE 6-0008). Specializes in medieval armor, arms and art. Daily, 1 to 5 p.m., except Mon. & Sat.

Museum of Science & Industry, 57th & Hyde Park (MU 4-1414). "Motorama: the Story of the Automobile," with new transmissions and other recent automotive developments. "Story of Aluminum," a redesigned exhibit. Mon.-Fri., 9:30 a.m. to 4 p.m.; Sat. to 5:30 p.m.; Sun. & hol. to 7 p.m. Free.

Natural History museum, Field & Lake Shore drs. (WA 2-9410). Permanent exhibits in anthropology, geology, botany and zoology. Daily, 9 a.m. to 5 p.m. Free. Thu., Sat. & Sun.

Oriental Institute, U. of Chicago, 1155 e. 58th (MI 3-0800). Cultural objects from

ancient Near East countries. Tue.-Sat., 10 a.m. to noon, 1 to 5 p.m.; Sun., 1 to 5 p.m. Free.

Shedd aquarium, lake front near Roosevelt rd. (WE 9-4681). 10,000 specimens of live fish. Daily, 10 a.m. to 5 p.m. Free Thu., Sat. & Sun.

TELEVISION

good reception

Sustained, exciting — the real "variety" shows: **Omnibus** (4 p.m.) and **Adventure** (2 p.m.), both Sunday, channel 2.

History, interpreted with imagination: **You Are There** (5:30 p.m. Sunday, 2).

Great music — take it when you can find it: **Chicago Symphony orchestra** (8 p.m. Wednesday, 9).

Solidly stylized vignettes: **Medic** (8 p.m. Monday, 5) and **Dragnet** (8 p.m. Thursday, 5).

Edward Murrow's newsreel thinkpiece: **See It Now** (9:30 p.m., Tuesday, 2).

some static

Comedy with a difference—three shows with a careful wallop: **George Gobel** (9 p.m.) and **Imogene Coca** (8 p.m.), both Saturday, and **Mr. Peepers** (6:30 p.m. Sunday), all on channel 5.

Murrow fireside interviews: **Person to Person** (9:30 p.m. Friday, 2).

Color whoppers — hard to believe without seeing: **Producer's Showcase** (7 p.m. February 7, 5) and **Best of Broadway** (9 p.m. February 2, 2).

No color, but in ruddy good health: **Kraft Theater** (8 p.m. Wednesday, 5, and 8:30 p.m. Thursday, 7).

channeled to kids

All by itself: **Disneyland** (6:30 p.m. Wednesday, 7).

No tougher audience for a speaker on the spot: **Youth Wants to Know** (4 p.m. Saturday, 5).

What every good parent should see to keep up with the youngsters: **Mr. Wizard** (5 p.m. Saturday, 5).

SPORTS

college basketball

De Paul, De Paul univ. gymnasium, 2219 Sheffield (DI 8-4340). **Feb.: 5,** Manhattan (Chicago stadium); **7,** St. Norberts; **12,** Bradley (Chicago stadium); **19,** Kentucky (Chicago stadium); **26,** Notre Dame (Chicago stadium). 8 p.m.

Loyola, Loyola univ. fieldhouse, 6525 Sheridan (BR 4-3000). **Feb.: 2,** Washington; **5,** Notre Dame (Chicago stadium); **19,** Western Michigan (Chicago stadium); **26,** Louisville (Chicago stadium). 8 p.m.

Northwestern, McGaw fieldhouse, Central st., Evanston (UN 4-1900). **Feb.: 12,** Michigan State; **26,** Wisconsin. 8 p.m.

pro hockey

Black Hawks, Chicago stadium, 1800 Madison (SE 3-5300). **Feb.: 2,** Boston; **6,** Toronto; **13,** Detroit; **17,** Boston; **20,** Toronto; **25,** New York; **27,** Detroit. 8:30 p.m.

indoor polo

Indoor Polo league, Chicago avenue armory, 232 e. Chicago (ST 2-2919). Doubleheader every Sat., 8:30 p.m.

FOR THE CHILDREN

theater

Goodman Memorial Children's theater, Monroe at Columbus dr. (CE 6-2337). Thru Feb. 13, "Beauty and the Beast." Opening Feb. 19, Anne Nicholson and Charlotte Chorpenning's adaptation of "The Magic Horn," a hero story about the adventures of young Roland, nephew of Charlemagne. Sat., 2:30 p.m.; Sun., 3 p.m.

Children's Theater of Evanston, Haven school, Prairie at Lincoln, Evanston (UN 4-3734). Rita Criste's production of "The

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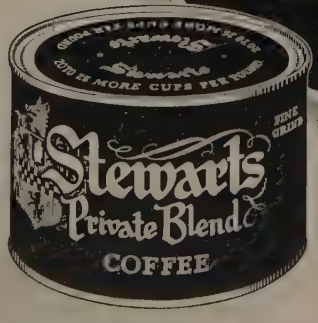

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Land of the Dragon," a Chinese fantasy by Madge Miller, with Chinese music, costumes and a baby dragon. For elementary and intermediate school children. Feb. 12 & 19, 10 a.m. & 2:30 p.m.; Feb. 18, 2:45 p.m.

Playwrights Children's theater, 1205 n. Dearborn (WH 3-2272). Week ends Feb. 5 thru 20, "Rumpelstiltskin," an adaptation by Charlotte Chorpenning. For children of all ages. 2:30 p.m.

music

Chicago Symphony orchestra, Orchestra hall, 220 s. Michigan (HA 7-0363). **Young People's concerts,** Tue., 3 p.m., George Schick, cond. Theme **Feb. 1 & 15,** "Magic and Mystery in Music," with narration of Dukas' "The Sorcerer's Apprentice" by George Kuyper. Orchestra program, Patti Bing, soprano, soloist: gavotte from "Mignon," Thomas; "None But the Lonely Heart," Tchaikovsky; "Dance of the Furies," Gluck; "The Witching Hour," Gould; "Torch Dance," German; "Magic Fire Music," Wagner; "Music of the Spheres," Strauss.

museums

Chicago Natural History museum, Roosevelt rd. & Lake Shore dr. (WA 2-9410). Four programs for Intermediate Girl Scouts working for nature proficiency badges. Each will include an illustrated discussion, browsing among marked cases and the help of a museum staff member. Sat., 10:30 a.m. Feb. 5, mammals; Feb. 12, wild plants and trees; Feb. 19, birds; Feb. 26, rocks and minerals. Free.

Chicago Historical society, Clark & North (MI 2-4600). Slide talk and film programs on American and Chicago history. **Museum Mornings,** Sat., 10 a.m. **Feb. 5, 12, 19 & 26,** "Lincoln in Illinois" — his life at New Salem and Springfield — with color film "The Civil War." **Week Day Assemblies,** Wed., 10 a.m., for teachers with classes. **Feb. 2, 9 & 16,** "Lincoln in Illinois" with film "The Civil War"; **Feb. 23,** "George Washington," with films "Decision at Williamsburg," and "Sweet Land of Liberty."

libraries

Chicago Public library, Randolph & Michigan (CE 6-5821). **The Children's Hour,** Sat., 2:15 p.m. Integrated programs of films, recordings and storytelling. **Feb. 5,** story, "Minn of the Mississippi," with films "People Along the Mississippi" and "Squeak the Squirrel." **Feb. 12,** stories, "Martin and Abraham Lincoln" and "Half Pint Jinni," with films "Wonders in a Desert" and "Ali and His Baby Camel." **Feb. 19,** stories, "A New Pioneer" and "First President," with films "Mother Goose Stories" and "Our Country's Song." **Feb. 26,** stories, "Down, Down the Mountain" and "E-Tooka-Shoo," with films "America the Beautiful" and "Kumak."

parks

basketball

City-wide championship meets for winners of junior and intermediate boys' area tournaments. Columbus park, 500 s. Central, Feb. 22, 24 & 25. Juniors (14 & under), 3:30 p.m.; intermediates (17 & under), 7 p.m.

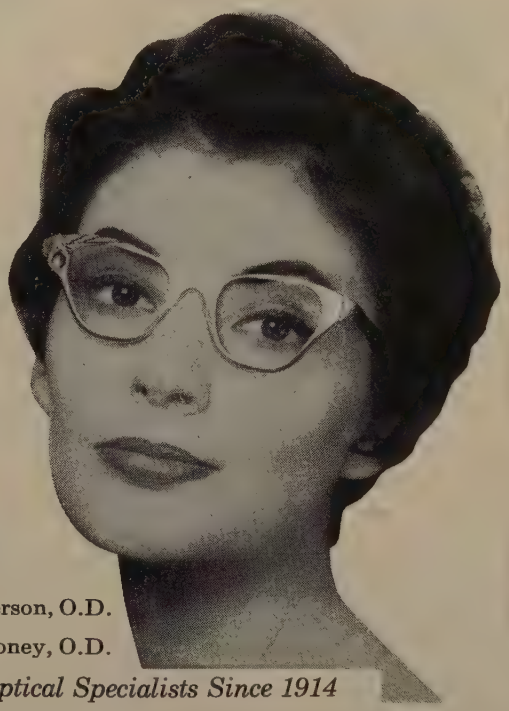
wrestling

City-wide open wrestling championships for boys of 10 or older, in weight divisions from 83 to 165 pounds. McKinley park, 2210 Pershing, Feb. 25, 3 p.m. until bouts are concluded.

swimming

Park district indoor swimming club championship meets. Sat., 2 p.m. Feb. 5, Independence park, 3945 n. Springfield; Feb. 19, Austin town hall, 5610 Lake. Competition for both boys and girls includes back, breast strokes and free style.

Be Pretty— But See!



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NIGHT LIFE

Balinese Room, Sheraton-Blackstone hotel, 636 s. Michigan (HA 7-4300). All the more pleasant for the music of the Hal Otis & George Metz trios. Noon to 1 a.m., Sat. to 2 a.m. Dancing from 9:30. Lunch $1.75-$2.50; dinner $2.75-$4.

Black Orchid, 101 e. Ontario (MO 4-6666). Jimmy Komack furnishes comedy, with music by the Four Joes. 11 a.m. to 4 a.m.; shows from 9:30. Lunch $.95-$2.60; dinner $2.95-$6.50.

Blue Angel, 801 Rush (SU 7-5060). The Calypso Follies of 1955 features the rhythmic songs and dances of The Charmer, Talley Beaty and an all-star cast. 5 p.m. to 4 a.m.; shows at 8:30, midnight & 2. Food a la carte. $2.50 min.

Boulevard Room, Conrad Hilton hotel, 720 s. Michigan (WA 2-4400). Opening Feb. 4, "Spurs an' Skates," a new ice revue starring the team of Cathy and Blair, with vocals by the Tatlers and music by Frankie Masters' orchestra. Open from 6:30 p.m.; shows 8:30 & midnight; Sun., 4 p.m. Dinner from $3.25. $2 cover.

The Buttery, Ambassador West hotel, State & Goethe (SU 7-7200). Lush rendezvous with dancing to Ralph Rodgers' Latin-American rhythms. Noon to 2 a.m. Dancing after 9 p.m. Flaming sword dinner $5.50-$9.50; other food a la carte. Fri. & Sat., $3 min.

Camellia House, Drake hotel, Lake Shore & Michigan (SU 7-2200). French cuisine and Jimmy Blade's music. Noon to 3 p.m., 6 p.m. to 1 a.m. Lunch $1.75-$2.50; dinner $5-$6.

Chez Paree, 610 Fairbanks (DE 7-3434). Mae West puts on a rip-roarin' show Feb. 9 thru 26, assisted by Anthony Dexter and Richard DuBois, the latter of Mr. America fame. 6 p.m. to 4 a.m.; shows at 8:30 & midnight: late shows Fri. & Sat., 2 a.m. Dinner $3.50-$4.75; $5.50 special includes cover and minimum, 7-course dinner, after dinner liqueur, show and dancing.

The Glass House, Graemere hotel, 3400 Washington (VA 6-7600). Appealing to palate, purse and pleasure. 11 a.m. to 2 a.m.; Sat. to 3 a.m. Dancing to Rudy Austin's music after 8:30, except Sun. & Mon. Lunch $.90-$1.50; dinner $1.85-$3.

Opera Club, 801 Rush (SU 7-5060). Comic Aaron Leifer and singing waiters and waitresses are supplemented by various operatic and popular singers. 5 p.m. to 4 a.m. Food a la carte.

Polynesian Room, Edgewater Beach hotel (LO 1-6000). A south sea decor has replaced the Marine dining room. Island Cantonese cuisine as well as Yankee. Two orchestras — music from the islands by Johnny Pineapple and from the Midwest by Henry Brandon. 6 p.m. to 1 a.m.; Sat. to 2 a.m. Dinner $3.25-$5.75.

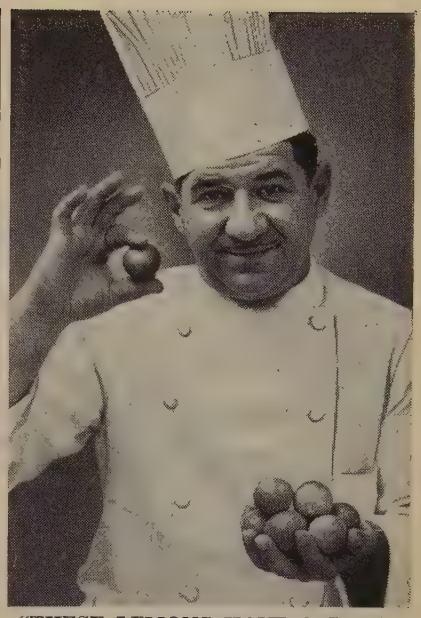
The Pump Room, Ambassador East hotel, State & Goethe (SU 7-7200). Celebrity hang-out of elegance, with David Le Winter's orchestra. Noon to 2 a.m. Flaming sword dinner, $5.50-$9.50; other food a la carte. Fri. & Sat., $3.50 min.

Swiss Chalet, Bismarck hotel, 171 w. Randolph (CE 6-0123). Endre Ocskay's orchestra and violin against an Alpine background. Noon to 1 a.m. Lunch $1.25-$3; dinner $3.50-$6.

College Inn Porterhouse, Sherman hotel, Randolph & Clark (FR 2-2100). Dining western style, with music by Frank York, his orchestra and violin. Noon to 1 a.m.; Sat. to 2 a.m. Lunch $1.65-$1.95; dinner $4.50-$6.75.

Empire Room, Palmer house, State & Monroe (RA 6-7500). The Spanish music of Los Chevales de Espana will be followed Feb. 17 by the French song stylings of Genevieve. 6 p.m. to 2 a.m.; shows 8:30 & midnight. Lunch from $2; dinner from $4.

Glass Hat, Congress hotel, 500 s. Michigan (HA 7-3800). Wayne Muir and his "Glass Hatters" play gay and senti-



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LOS CHAVALES DE ESPANA

Los Chavales de Espana, the "Kids from Spain," exciting Spanish musical group are starred in the Empire Room of the Palmer House. Trini Reyes, one of the nation's foremost flamenco dancers, highlights the program. Also featured are the Empire Eight, and Charlie Fisk and his orchestra. Coming February 17, Genevieve.

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jazz

Beehive lounge, 1503 e. 55th (PL 2-9060). Thru Feb., Sonny Stitt and his tenor sax in front of Norman Simmons and Bert Dale, with Johnny Gilmore's bunch on Wednesday. 9 p.m. to 2 a.m.; closed Tue. No cover or min.

Blue Note, 3 n. Clark (DE 2-2247). Frank Holzfiend introduces a new feature: concerts on Sunday afternoon and evening, beginning Feb. 6 with Burl Ives. Food a la carte, from $1.50 to $3. $3. min. 9:30 p.m. to 3:30 a.m. Sun. mat., 5 to 7 p.m., features soft drinks for teenagers. Closed Mon. & Tue.

Cloister inn, Maryland hotel, 900 Rush (SU 7-4568). Plenty of singing this month by Lurlene Hunter, Sylvia Syms and Laurie Allyn. Mon. & Tue. are under the jurisdiction of Dick Marx, piano, and Johnny Frigo, bass. Nightly, 10 to 4 a.m.; Sat. to 5 a.m. No cover or min.

Jazz, Ltd., 11 e. Grand (SU 7-2907). Dixieland style is well preserved by owner Bill Reinhardt, whose clarinet leads Doc Cenardo on drums, Marty Marsala on trumpet, Max Hook on piano and Harry Graves on trombone. 9 p.m. to 4 a.m.; closed Sun. $2 min. Unescorted women not admitted.

Mambo City, 7 w. Randolph (AN 3-6908). Mambo as defined by the six-piece group of Augie Delarosa, puts spring into the waning winter. Music Wed., Fri., Sat. & Sun.; 8 p.m. to 4 a.m. Downstairs in the **Preview lounge,** Herbie Fields and his group continue their Forties-style blowing. Music 8 p.m. to 3 a.m.; Sat. to 4 a.m. No cover or min. either place.

Starlite room, 624 s. Michigan (HA 7-3524). A subterranean casa heated by the mambo music of Aron Monreal's band. A new dance will be introduced this month: merenges, from the Dominican republic. Music 10 p.m. to 4 a.m.; closed Mon. No cover or min.

DINING OUT

Berghoff's, 17 w. Adams (HA 7-3170). For hearty appetites: corned beef and cabbage, Thuringer sausage, other German dishes. 11:30 a.m. to 10 p.m.; closed Sun. Lunch $1- $2.50; dinner $1.75-$4.

A Bit of Sweden, 1015 Rush (DE 7-1492). Bountiful smorgasbord in a bright little room lined with copper pots. 11:30 a.m. to 2:30 p.m., 5 to 9 p.m.; Sun., 1 to 9 p.m. Lunch $1-$1.75; dinner $2.45-$3.40.

Cafe Bellini, 1014 Rush (MO 4-6397). A small, sedate coffeehouse with 19th century Italian decor, which serves a variety of coffee concoctions, pastries and sandwich snacks. Noon to 1 a.m., except Mon., 8 p.m. to 1 a.m.

Cafe Bohemia, 138 s. Clinton (AN 3-8310). Bohemian dishes with fresh game in season. 11 a.m. to midnight; closed Sun. & hol. Lunch $1.35-$1.65; dinner $1.75-$4.75.

Cape Cod Room, Drake hotel, Lake Shore & Michigan (SU 7-7200). Possibly the finest sea food in town. Noon to midnight. A la carte service.

Clipper Room, Atlantic hotel, 316 s. Clark (WA 2-2646). Sea food with a sea around you atmosphere. Also German dishes. A la carte from $1.55. 11:30 a.m. to 8:30 p.m. Closed Sat. & Sun.

Cloud Room, Midway airport (PO 7-0600). Diners are served fine Marshall Field's fare while they watch the arrival and departure of planes thru wide windows. Daily, 8 a.m. to 9 p.m. Lunch, $1.50; dinner, $2.50 and a la carte.

Continental Gourmet restaurant, 1508 e. 57th (PL 2-9355). Menu is limited to half a dozen entrees, with a new nationality dish every night. 4:30 to 10:30 p.m.; closed Mon. $1.75-$2.50.

Harlequin Room, Palmolive building, 919 n. Michigan (DE 7-0606). Good Fred Harvey fare. Daily, 11:30 a.m. to 10 p.m.; Sun. to 9 p.m. Lunch $1.35; dinner $3 and a la carte.

Henrici's, 71 w. Randolph (DE 2-1800). Popular since 1868 for good food and generous portions. 8 a.m. to 1:30 a.m. Lunch $1.25-$3; dinner $2.50-$5.

Hoe Sai Gai, 85 w. Randolph (AN 3-6474). Chinatown in the Loop. 11 a.m. to 2 a.m.; Sat. to 3 a.m. Lunch $.75-$2; dinner $1.55-$4.

Ireland's, 632 n. Clark (DE 7-2020). An old-time restaurant devoted exclusively to sea food. Noon to 2 a.m. Dinner $2-$5.

Jacques', 900 n. Michigan (DE 7-9040). Continental foods and choice wines in a light-hearted French atmosphere. 11:30 a.m. to 3 p.m., 5 to 10:30 p.m. Lunch $1.70-$2.60, dinner $3.80-$6.

Kungsholm, 100 e. Ontario (WH 4-2700). Smorgasbord is a ritual here. Reservations are required for the extraordinary puppet opera in the miniature theater. 11:30 a.m. to 3 p.m., 5:30 to 10:30 p.m. Lunch $2-$3.50; dinner $3.50-$6.

Le Petit Gourmet, 619 n. Michigan (DE 7-9701). A down-the-stairs place with a large menu. Daily, 11:30 a.m. to 11:30 p.m. Dinner from $2.10.

Lotus Room, La Salle hotel, La Salle & Madison (FR 2-0700). John Martyn Paull provides piano background for dinner and supper. 11:30 a.m. to midnight. Lunch $1.30-$1.95; dinner $2.50-$4.75.

Stock Yard Inn, 42nd & Halsted (YA 7-5580). The Sirloin room specializes in prime beef, but whomps up other dishes on demand. Dinner $3.25-$6.

Teddy's Italian, 16 e. Huron (MO 4-1448). Excellent spaghetti with antipasto served from big carts. Noon to 2 a.m. Lunch a la carte from $.70; dinner $2-$4.50.

Vogue Tap Room & Grill, 3808 Broadway (DI 8-9089). A small, informal place that has good sirloins for $2. Daily, 10 a.m. to 4 a.m.

Younker's, 51 e. Chicago (WH 4-0369). An agreeable Near North Side landmark. Daily, 11 a.m. to 9 p.m.; Sat. to 2 a.m. Lunch from $.60; dinner from $1.10.

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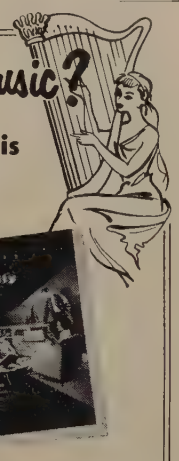

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questionnaire

for businessmen and women

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illustrated by Carl Schranz

West of the Water Tower

The indestructible Hoosier

Edens expressway, the first unit in the metropolitan superhighway system, was dedicated before it was finished. The authorities were afraid that the octogenarian for whom the road was named might not be around for the ceremonies if they were held after the work had been completed. Their fears were groundless. In fact, it will surprise nobody who knows Col. William Grant Edens if he is still going strong when the expressway has been superseded by a helicopter line. Doing the unexpected has long been routine with the Kentucky colonel from Indiana who pulled Illinois out of the mud.

Altho he is known as the father of hard roads in Illinois, Colonel Edens has never owned a car. First prominent in union organizing, he ended his professional career as a banker with Charles G. Dawes, who was vice-president under Calvin Coolidge. Having matured in a more tolerant era than the present one, he has equally fond recollections of William McKinley and Eugene V. Debs. At the age of 88, he carried a tiny perfume bottle filled with whisky in his vest pocket when attending social functions; at 91, he takes along a larger supply in a medicine bottle. On his 90th birthday he dressed in red stocking cap, red plaid bathrobe, red socks and red slippers and received guests in his home; recently, on his 91st, he put on a suit and coat, pulled the stocking cap down over his ears and went down to the Chicago Press club in the Sheraton hotel to attend a luncheon given by a few friends.

"Colonel Bill" found a photographer for the Richmond, Indiana, *Palladium-Item* waiting at the Press club. The interest shown by his hometown paper was one of the real thrills of the day for him, since like others from the banks of the Wabash, he carries his Hoosierdom proudly. With John McCutcheon, George Ade and others, he founded the Indiana Society of Chicago.

After the pictures had been taken, the group sat down to beverages, lunch and reminiscence about Colonel Edens' many-sided career. They talked about his pioneer organizing for the brakemen's union that evolved into what is now the Brotherhood of Railroad Trainmen, about his Republican political activity during the 1890's that led to appointment by President McKinley as a postal official supervising establishment of rural free delivery routes, about his entry into the banking business in 1904 and the 27 years he spent with Dawes before retiring, about his service on the civic committees for both the Columbian and the Century of Progress expositions.

The colonel wore a brown suit and a red bow tie. His white mustache and sideburns were neatly trimmed and he held his bald, freckled head erect. Names like "Uncle Joe" Cannon, Joseph Medill, Mark Hanna and Adolph S. Ochs populated his talk of the old days, as did those of countless charming ladies.

He recalled that altho he had little formal education, he was once mistaken for a college graduate because a man he met confused the brakemen's handshake with that of the Sigma Chis.

There are those who maintain that Colonel Edens, in addition to knowing everybody, has never forgotten anything. He provided evidence in support of this view by supplying the details of events that occurred in 1905, furnishing the first names of long-forgotten politicians and newspapermen, and correcting minor errors

f fact in the recollections of much ounger men.

Richard Finnegan, consulting editor f the *Sun-Times,* was sitting at the olonel's left, and they began talking bout the events in 1912 that led to he first $60,000,000 bond issue to pro- ide hard roads in Illinois. Finnegan ad been a reporter for the old Chi- ago *Journal,* whose publisher often rove to Indiana on week ends. That tate was far ahead of this one in road uilding, and after noticing the dis- repancy over a period of time, Fin- egan's boss assigned him to do some- hing about it.

The young journalist responded by alling together interested parties to et up the Illinois Highway Improve- ent association. The chief problem onfronting the promoters of hard oads was the fact that the farmers lid not trust the motives of those who vanted to link the cities with modern ighways. They thought their farm and would be taxed to pay for the mprovements.

Colonel Edens, altho a Chicagoan, as well known downstate due to his ravels on behalf of the union and the ost office department. So an influ- ntial politician from the rural area uggested to the publisher of the ournal that the colonel be made head f the road committee so he could watch those Chicago fellows." The uggestion was passed on to Finnegan, vho saw to it that Colonel Edens was luly chosen, even tho he was not at he meeting and had not previously aken any great interest in the prob- em. Despite this devious debut, the olonel led the association to a suc- essful campaign for highway con- truction. And later he traveled widely n other states to advocate similar pro- rams.

The luncheon was climaxed when Colonel Edens blew out the seven andles on his birthday cake, then aid, "Well, now we've got nothing to o but get drunk."

Instead, the company began re- alling the colonel's most recent ex- loits. During his 91st year, it was ointed out, his salient accomplish- nents were: 1) Being voted grand- ather of the year by the Grandmothers lub. 2) Being hustled off a tele- ision show after he told a story with damn" in it.

The colonel's son, William McKinley Edens, was among those present, and e took the wraps off a long-guarded secret just before the event broke up. A couple of years earlier, he revealed, the police had stopped him for speeding on Edens expressway while hurrying home from a long trip. He had shuddered to think of what the newspapers would do with that kind of story and what the effect on his father would be. Fortunately, when the cops found out who he was they let him off with a warning. Even so, it was such a close shave that he decided to let it fade well into the past before telling the colonel about it. Since then no driver has been more careful about his speed on the superhighway.

After the luncheon, Colonel Edens returned to his apartment on North Shore avenue and received a continuous stream of guests for the rest of the day. Many of them were his fellow Hoosiers, and among these was Mrs. Ida Voliva, who had been the second wife of the overseer of the religious community in Zion, Illinois. A table in the living room was stacked with hundreds of letters and telegrams, many of them signed with famous names. Someone thought of a little-known fact about Dwight D. Eisenhower. He's the only president since Chester A. Arthur who hasn't met Colonel Edens.

Favoritism

The All-Tribes American Indian center on north La Salle street has a MOhawk phone number.

Quote of the month

Republican Roger Faherty, explaining why he favors the mayor's reelection: "I feel sure Mayor Kennelly's accomplishments of the last seven and a half years will equal, if not surpass, the achievements of any other mayor — and I'm including William Hale Thompson."

The squirming specialists

A reporter who smokes cigarets recently spent two days interviewing assorted specialists at a South Side hospital. He reports he not only got the story he went for — why patients spend fewer days convalescing — but also turned up a clue to the mystery shrouding smoking and sickness.

First chap he talked to was a cancer expert who smoked thruout the interview. At its conclusion the reporter asked if it were true what he'd been reading about cigarets and cancer.

"They don't know," the doctor replied. "But" —he paused, his brow wrinkling under the weight of thought, or perhaps because some smoke had wafted into his eyes — "there may be a tieup between smoking and blood disease."

Several specialists later, the reporter pushed upon the door to the blood man's office and discovered that gentleman had stepped out, leaving six butts in his desk ashtray.

When the medic returned, he of-

fered the reporter a cigaret and gave him the information he sought. That business completed, the reporter closed his notebook and inquired, respectfully: what was with smoking causing blood trouble? He had been told there was a tieup, and wondered whether his information was correct.

"Don't believe so. Perhaps there is an incidence of the two. But one doesn't cause the other.

"They have been linking smoking and heart disease, tho," he concluded.

On the second day, the reporter talked to the heart authority, who explained *he* had stopped smoking ten days before. However, during the interview, he borrowed three cigarets from the reporter and smoked them with undisguised relish.

That did it. The reporter, determined to get one definite statement on the smoking situation, stuffed his notes in his pocket and asked if smoking caused heart trouble.

"Not for sure," the heart man said. Exhaling, he leaned forward, conspiratorially.

"But now you take Buerger's disease . . . "

Swell pitcher

Alderman Mathias "Paddy" Bauler was heard telling a friend in city hall how much he had enjoyed a movie called "The Last Time I Seen Paris."

For want of a Kleenex

There really isn't any business like show business, with the obstacles that hinder the rise to the top and the breaks and all that stuff. For instance, a pretty young actress walked out of the Tribune Tower one evening and into the sidewalk sphere of influence of Ernie Simon, who promptly invited her to make what would have been her television debut. But she refused. She had a cold and no handkerchief to use in case her nose should run while she was on camera.

Vories Fisher and the woman in South Uist

Vories Fisher is a bearded, beret-wearing fellow who is well known around town as a photographer, and of whom it is said that he sometimes accosts a friend at a party by grasping the hem of her skirt. Unceremoniously and intently, he will ask, "Where did you get the material?"

The hirsute one has never been turned over to police for this kind of research, possibly because his victims readily determine that he really is interested only in the warp and weft of the matter.

Fisher began hand-weaving in the late twenties when it looked as tho everyone would have to start making his own clothes or greet the wolf at the door in a bare skin.

He decided he'd had enough of La Salle street where he'd been a broker for many years, and went back to the simple life.

A log cabin in Brown county, Indiana, was as far back as he could get on the spur of the moment and in simple fashion he acquired a couple of hand looms and set up to make weaving his business. Altho Brown county was not yet the artists' colony it is today and hand weaving had certain practical advantages at a time when even the successful business man sported well polished serge, the problems of marketing soon convinced Fisher that this was no economic solution.

So in his hand-woven Harris top coat and his hand-spun, hand-woven Scottish tweeds he returned to Chicago as a photographer, providing himself both a reasonable living and an outlet for his independent spirit. But he spends all his spare time at the loom weaving family tartans for his friends and keeping himself, his wife and two daughters well outfitted.

"There's no money in hand weaving," he growls when his friends exclaim over the materials he produces. Then he promptly points out that they too can make such material at much less cost than buying the machine-made product. There *is* money in hand weaving, Fisher will admit, but it's money saved rather than earned.

Fisher belongs to the "traditional" school of weaving — he sticks to the long-established patterns and materials. His favorite possession is a colonial coverlet he made in "summer and winter" weave.

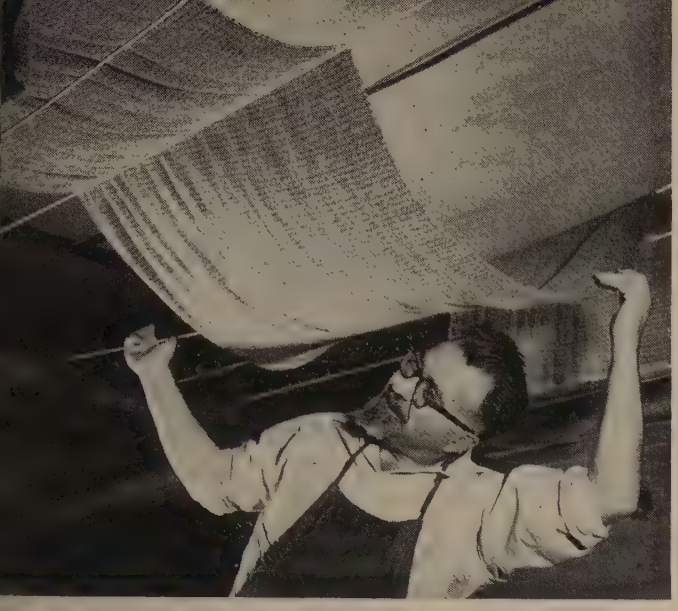
Fisher displays finished garments and potential ones of wool he has woven. Source of his material is a secret.

photographs by Zdenek Pivecka

"There's nothing modern in weaving," he argues. "All the basic weaving techniques were worked out long before man learned to keep records — and the ancient Egyptians wove better stuff on their simple looms than anything produced today."

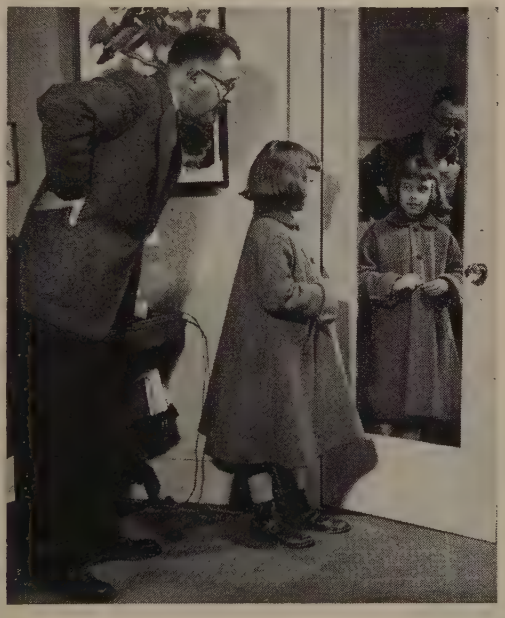
His beard bristles with indignation when a "modern" weaver starts talking about "creating" on the loom. "You can't produce a single thing, thru technique, that wasn't done at least a hundred years ago. Sure, you can fool around with new materials — plastics, glass, bamboo, wire and even dog hair, if you want to play. I'm interested only in making something practical as well as beautiful."

STRANGELY ENOUGH it is the same "modern" weaver he'll fight with on the subject of looms. Only now their positions are reversed. The modern weaver generally prefers to do his creating on the traditional wooden loom — with its four, eight or 16 harnesses controlled by pedals operated by both feet. Fisher describes it



After completed cloth has been cleaned, it's draped over lines in Fisher's basement for thoro drying.

e: Weaver peers into his modern to make sure things are properly ed up. Below: Product is washed.



Fisher's daughter Pamela, 10, models coat made from fruit of his hobby. No store could duplicate the garment.

as "playing footsie in an organ factory." The modern loom — a lightweight streamlined affair made of tubular aluminum which Fisher uses — sits on a table in use and otherwise stands in a closet corner.

"You can do anything on it the wooden foot-treadle loom can do, only faster and better. If you insist that a loom must be made of wood, you might as well say that a potter must fire his kiln with oak boughs in the manner of Cellini or that the artist must make his paint like Van Gogh."

Fisher's primary weaving interest is in wool—hand-spun imported wool he gathers from all parts of the world. The best comes from the remote corners of England, Scotland, New Zealand. Corners of the world where the climate is damp and chilly, if not cold, and where the sun never shines are the best places for good wool — assuming the sheep can survive. Such a place is the island of Harris in the Hebrides, long known for its long-wearing, moisture-resistant wool. The sun shines there only a few days each year. As a result, the Harris sheep develop a particularly vigorous resistance in their battle for survival that produces a wool of superior qualities.

Fisher declines to identify the sources of his wool. "It's a problem of supply," he explains. "Take these people in South Uist, for example. (South Uist is an island near Harris, off the bleak northwestern coast of Scotland). I place my order for a few pounds of stuff with a certain woman I know down there. She in turn gets in touch with the particular spinner who makes that weight and the color I want. Just this part of the order may take three to four weeks to get placed. And that's only half the battle.

"The spinner is most likely an old woman who has other things to do and spins just as a part-time business to make a little money on the side. It may take a month or more before she gets around to spinning my order. Then she dyes it — assuming she has the indigo or whatever the stuff is they use. Eventually — two or three months later — I get it by parcel post. Sometimes it's a different color than I ordered — the old woman who made it just didn't feel like brewing up a special batch — anyway I've got it now and its terrific.

"When it's woven up it has a quality you can't find anywhere else, and between the color and the variations I can give it in the weaving, you'll never find another suit like it even if I told you the name of the spinner, which I won't. If she has a couple more customers it'll take me a year to get my wool."

There's a variation in wool quality and in the way different wools take dyeing, Fisher explains. It's practically impossible to get two batches of wool exactly the same shade even if they're off the same sheep, if they're dyed separately. Temperature of the water, the amount of dye used and the length of time the wool is left in are diver-

gent factors when the production is in the hands of an old woman who has other things to do around the homestead.

Matched colors are available from American wool sources, but the charm of hand-spun, hand-dyed wool is in the variation. And domestic wool is inferior to most of the foreign wool — it is usually spun with imported wool of longer fiber.

After a piece is woven, Fisher prefers to do his own finishing. In order to be spun the wool must be thoroly oiled, and this oil stays on until the material comes off the loom. Then it is washed gently until all the oil has been removed, after which it is pressed, preferably with steam. This is the "fulling" process which fluffs out the individual wool fibers. Many variations are possible in the quality of the finished material according to the manner in which the fulling was accomplished, ranging from a hard, crisp quality to a soft burnished effect like cashmere. The weaving pattern and the closeness of the warp setting also produce variations — with hundreds of possibilities in all these factors.

"My quality control technique is a secret," Fisher says. "It's so secret I don't even know it myself. I'm not interested in turning out two identical sport jackets, or skirts or whatever is going to be made up from my weaving. That's the charm and the fascination of it."

His customers like the unpredictability of the product, and order material without ever seeing an experimental swatch. "Give me something in blue, or gray or brown," they say. "On the conservative side but with a little life."

And after the result is finally in the hands of a tailor to be made into the finished article, it is the tailor who says "where did you get that material?" Like Fisher, the smart ones won't talk — after all, there's no money in weaving, and a man's leisure time is limited.

Passing stranger

Since November the east end of North avenue has become three months older but no more plausible. A store owner and an employe chose midnight as an appropriate hour for taking a cracked plate glass window out on the sidewalk and reducing it to small pieces. Just west of Clark street is a shop that sells fruit and flowers and nothing else. In the same block there's an antique place that offers glasses with "Repeal 18th Amendment" painted on them. In the bathroom of a rooming house a little further west was posted a sign saying "Please lock door when thru. Winter has come and lake freezing. Seems as tho we have women come in off street to take showers."

Haunted house

Frank Lloyd Wright builds hous
around people. And neither the peop
nor the Master Builder ever quite g
over them.

In the early 1900's, in the days
brownstones and gables and carriag
houses, he had one of his first re
commissions, in Highland Park. H
built a fine big house. The Willit
house is still there, of course, and
still modern and dignified among th
shuttered American colonials an
French provincials clustered around i

Recently, for the first time in i
history, the house changed owners.
young couple moved in, bringing wit
them into the wide house marble an
brass tables, deep functional furnitur
and two young children.

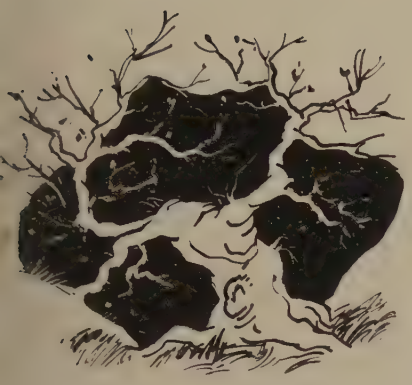
On one of their first sun-slante
afternoons in the house there was
knock at the big door. A timid emis
sary announced that Frank Lloy
Wright was in the neighborhood an
would arrive soon to see again th
inside of his house.

The little man was immediatel
followed by the master himself, small
with silver hair, wearing a long, loose
terra-cotta cape. Wright moved slowl
and carefully thru each room of the
house, remarking here how an origina
rug was gone, there brushing an inlaid
staircase with a knowing hand. At the
study at the top of the stairs he
paused to reminisce. He had known
the man who commissioned this house
long ago in the Orient, in the days of
the construction of the Imperial hotel.

Then the old man, now in his
eighties, pulled his cape and his nos
talgia around him, smiled and left.
But not without remarking, in a firm,
present-tense voice, that it would en
hance his house if the young new
owners would repaint it, this time in
1955 terra-cotta.

Investments and politics; hair-cutting a sideline

Fred Lyon was working noncha
lantly in his Park Manor Barber shop
on 71st street near South Park. He is



chubby man of medium height with lue eyes who looks a little younger han his 42 years. His receding dark air was combed straight back and lastered close to his head. He wore o barber's smock. He had on a mauve port shirt open at the neck with a utton missing down lower, and a pair f gray slacks.

There were two barber chairs in the lace, but Lyon was the only barber. long one wall of the shop stood the raditional long bank of mirrors with shelf below for displaying fancy bot- es of hair tonic and similar lotions. ut there were only four or five bot- es on the shelf, haphazardly arranged nd all nearly empty. Across the room as a row of five vacant chrome and atherette chairs intended for wait- g customers. At the end of the row ood an empty showcase with copies f *Colliers, Life* and *Sports Illustrated* n top. No *Police Gazette*. A huge .F.W. sticker was pasted on the glass f one door. Each window had a low rape of the type associated with hristian Science reading rooms. A ag of rock salt for the icy sidewalk t near the door.

The day before, Lyon had surprised large number of people, notably obert Merriam, by being the first ndidate to file petitions in the Re- ublican mayoral primary and thus stablishing a prima facie claim to the p spot on the ballot. Now Lyon was utting the hair of a man who looked ke Guy Kibbee, and granting his rst interview to the press.

"I belong to the Elks, too, fella," e called across the shop, "Have for everal years." He finished cutting ibbee's hair, accepted payment and xchanged New Year greetings with he departing customer.

Lyon was asked how he happened decide to run for mayor. "Well, hat took a long time," he replied. "A couple of organizations wanted me to run. I've been active with the Boy Scouts and the Y.M.C.A. and some of these civic groups, y'know. And then a few months ago these two fellas came to see me and asked me to run. There was Joe St. Michael – he's head of this 18th Ward Independent Republican league, and Frank Coffey – I don't know how you spell it – *ey* – or *y*. You know how to spell it. He's sort of a – well, I guess you'd call him a promoter. He sort of fools around in politics as a hobby. He's backed a lot of candidates, and quite a few of them have been winners.

"I don't know a hell of a lot about this politics business. Some of my friends and this Republican league circulated most of the petitions. I guess you'd say I'm running as a regular Republican. Merriam's a Democrat – and a publicity seeker. He's a kind of emotional fella, too. At least that's what I'm told. I don't know him myself.

"I'll show ya where I live," Lyon offered. He led the way thru a door at the rear of the shop and into a rectangular space divided into four equal compartments. Most of the furniture was on the shabby side, but neatly arranged. The kitchen displayed a towering, shiny refrigerator.

"It's a four room apartment," said the candidate, waving an arm around the place as expansively as space limitations allowed. "All fixed up with a regular bathroom and everything. My wife and I sleep in there. She runs the beauty shop next door. Her name is Frances. That's the kid's room. He's graduating from Hirsch. Wants to go to I.I.T. and study engineering."

Lyon was asked whether the election officials seemed surprised when he showed up with nominating petitions. "No," he said. "I just walked in and filed 'em. I didn't go lookin' for nobody, and nobody bothered me. I just walked back out again.

"You could get in the V.F.W., couldn't ya, kiddo? I was in the army, got five battle stars. The other day a guy was kiddin' me about Merriam bein' in the Bulge. I told him that was all right, I was in the Bulge, too. He got a kick out of it.

"I've had this shop since 1946 or 47. I learned the trade when I was about 14 or 15, but I just use it as a sideline . . . My regular work? Well, whenever I get a chance, I make an investment . . . Well, you know, I invest in businesses. Like, for instance, I sold about two and half carloads of Christmas trees. I didn't sell 'em myself, you know, but I had a couple of guys sell 'em for me . . . No, that wasn't this year; it was about 1945. This was a terrible year for trees. I didn't handle any this year."

Lyon was pressed for further details of his fiscal manipulations. "Well, these are little fast investments, ya know. Every once in a while a guy comes along and he's got somethin' that sounds good . . . but this has got nothin' t' do with my runnin' for mayor, anyhow. There's nothin' crooked about any of these businesses, if that's what you're drivin' at. I wouldn't have anything t' do with a shady person . . . Want some coffee, Butch?"

It is written . . .

Across the front of a shop that sells pesticides on north State street: "Are You Buggy? Exterminate Your Self."

Especially now that he's running for reelection

"The parks are so dirty," commented the lady to her companion. "You'd think Mayor Kelly would put some of those WPA boys to work cleaning them up."

Unreasonably accurate facsimile

A 1942 Buick was seen on the South Side carrying in lieu of a rear license plate a piece of cardboard on which were crayoned in barely legible characters the number of the lost plate, plus "19 Illinois 54," plus "Land of Lincoln."

Who is the richest

A friend phoned Col. Henry Crown one bitter, wind-swept morning last winter when Lake Michigan lay flat and cold within its frame of shore-hugging ice. A maid answered.

"May I speak to the colonel?" asked the friend.

"Not now," said the maid. "He's in swimming."

The friend quickly put down the phone. All millionaires are presumed to be a little eccentric, the friend reasoned. Evidently that occupational hazard had been brought to the surface.

For Colonel Crown undoubtedly is a wealthy man, altho he disclaims being in the same financial category as the other entrants for the title of the town's wealthiest man. He is not, however, a member of the Polar Bear club. Crown was swimming in the pool in the basement of his Evanston home. When he's in Chicago, which is not as frequent these days as he'd like, he takes a swim each morning before going to work and each evening after returning.

There are other very wealthy men in Chicago. John Cuneo, who spreads his interests between a printing plant just south of the Loop and a dairy farm in Libertyville, is rated higher financially than Crown by some people who should know.

In Chicago's early days the largest accumulations of capital stemmed from meat packing, grain, farm equipment manufacturing and retail merchandising. Where are these fortunes now?

The Swift family still is active in Swift & Co. and Harold Swift reputedly has some of the fortune originally started by old Gustavus, the Yankee peddler who brought his red wagon to Chicago. But Swift isn't rated among the town's half dozen wealthiest men. A lot of P. D. Armour's original fortune was wiped out in the difficulties encountered by J. Ogden Armour after World War I. There aren't any Armours connected with Armour & Co. today.

...an in town?

by William G. Ferris

A reporter who has surveyed the field comes up with no answer, but some provocative guesses

Until he died a couple of years ago, James Norris of the Norris Grain Co. most likely was the city's richest man, but his estate has been split up. Altho Daniel Rice has put together the biggest fortune in the grain pits on the Chicago Board of Trade recently, fellow grain men don't rate him up among the city's six most affluent citizens.

Marshall Field sr., heir to the original Field fortune, probably ranks close. Alongside Field is his fellow publisher, Col. Robert R. McCormick. A share of Tribune Co. stock reputedly sold last year at $52,000 for tax evaluation purposes. John S. Knight, the *Daily News'* publisher, is not considered in the running with his rivals, altho he isn't in danger of starving. The vast fortune built by Cyrus McCormick's wonderful contraption for the farmer has passed thru several hands and been split, but Fowler McCormick still has enough to be comfortable.

There are others. Laird Bell, member of the law firm of Bell, Boyd, Marshall & Lloyd, is a dark horse in right behind the front runners. He's named after Allison White Laird, a pioneer Minnesota lumberman active in the "Weyerhaeuser Syndicate," and Bell's big money is in Weyerhaeuser Timber Co., of which he's chairman of the board of directors.

In the banking field you cannot overlook the Harris family at Harris Trust and Savings. It isn't the largest bank in Chicago, but the family which runs it has more money than those running other banks. Probably most of it is in the hands of the senior Harris, A. W. Another good candidate is Leigh Block of Inland Steel's Block family. There's money on his wife's side, too — he married Mary Lasker, daughter of the fabulous advertising pioneer, Albert Lasker. And P. K. Wrigley does well enough with chewing gum to make him forget — almost — the woes of the Chicago Cubs. William Wood Prince runs the stockyards but most financial men don't consider him enormously wealthy.

But Crown and Cuneo, it's often asserted, are the two wealthiest men in Chicago. They are men of contrast.

Crown's origins were humble, Cuneo's very comfortable. Crown's father, Arie, emigrated to this country from Lithuania, eking out a living on the teeming Lower Northwest Side. Crown attended Burr elementary school, for which he had a great fondness. When the family moved out of the Burr district, Crown hiked five miles downtown to the board of education to plead that he be permitted to continue at Burr. The board, evidently impressed with his youthful determination, issued a special order allowing him to do so. He broadened his education with a two-year correspondence course in traffic management, plus some night high school.

Cuneo endured a more formalized education. His grandfather had accumulated a little money and his father added to it. Frank Cuneo, John's father, was president of a pioneer produce and provisions firm, Garibaldi and Cuneo. The father, like the grandfather, put his money in real estate. Frank Cuneo created the Wilson avenue business district in 1910 by buying homes at Sheridan and Wilson and erecting a block of store buildings. Frank sent son John to Chicago Latin school, the high school at the University of Chicago and Yale university.

Cuneo didn't stay long at Yale. Returning home on vacation in his sophomore year, he took a job with the Hill Binding Co. A few years later — in 1907 — Cuneo bought the business. His father gave him $10,000. He consumed $8,300 on the purchase and had $1,700 for working capital. He renamed it the John F. Cuneo Co.

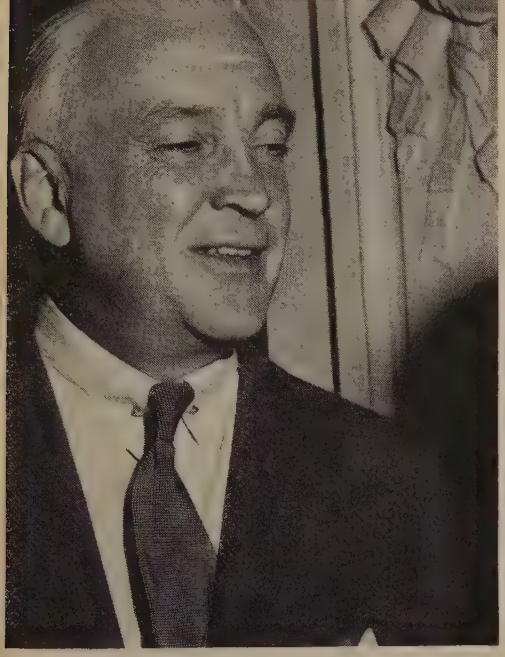
Crown's rise has been somewhat more spectacular than that of Cuneo, who has simply accumulated a number of fortunes quietly over the years. Crown jumped into prominent public attention last year with purchase of the Empire State building, a $49,500,000 investment.

But Material Service Corp. was making a profit of $500,000 back in 1928 and 1929 and even during the depression. It started making the big money when World War II ended and the building boom got under way. Material Service produces lime, sand, gravel and concrete. It's a sales agent for every known building material, save lumber and structural steel.

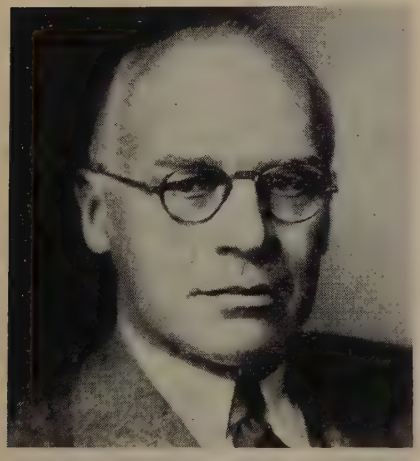
Undoubtedly, the Crown family owns a majority of Material Service's outstanding shares. A brother of Henry, Irving Crown, is executive vice-president. Another brother, Dr. Edward A. Crown, is a vice-president. Two sons, Robert, 33, and Lester, 29, are both vice-presidents. In the over-the-counter market the stock sold late last year at $180 a share. If the Crown family holdings are just a small majority of the shares, say 40,000 shares, this would mean their value totaled $7,200,000. If the Crown family owns 70,000 shares, it is $12,600,000.

These are big figures. But Crown started thinking in big figures at a tender age. As a lad he took bookkeeping at night school. Crown and two others turned in perfect papers on one examination. There was, however, a difference between the papers. His two classmates started a hypothetical business on make-believe bank rolls of $500. They showed mythical profits of a few hundred dollars. Crown started with $1,000,000 and showed a profit of $500,000 in one year.

The instructor chided Crown about his fondness for big numbers. Crown



Marshall Field sr.: a merchandising fortune and the Chicago **Sun-Times**



Laird Bell: lawyer and lumber heir

Leigh Block: steel and advertising

replied, "I just used a little more pencil lead, that's all."

Material Service started in a very modest manner. It was founded by S. R. Crown, Henry's elder brother, in 1919. It was the smallest of about 80 companies in this field in the Chicago area. At the end of that first year the firm's balance sheet showed cash of $1,920, a liquidity achieved primarily thru a bank loan of $1,500. But the company made $2,686 that first year. Crown has a framed photostatic copy of that balance sheet. He likes to keep such mementos.

At 58 Crown is a medium-sized man with a good shock of hair, an athlete's physique (he played a lot of polo until he broke both legs), and a habit of jingling coins in his pocket when talking. He's a rapid fire conversationalist and moves about his office as if possessed by some drive which won't let him stay still. Behind his desk is a table with pictures of his three grandchildren, a replica of a Rock Island freight car (Crown has a substantial investment in the Rock Island) and a gold miniature Empire State building.

HE GIVES very generously to charitable enterprises, and not only to organizations associated with his own Jewish faith. He and his two brothers, Irving and Edward, plus Material Service Corp., last year gave $250,000 to the Illinois Institute of Technology.

He saved the government millions of dollars while serving as procurement chief for the Army Corps of Engineers — and he has a photostatic copy of a voluntary rebate check from a tractor company to prove it. (He was a colonel and received the Legion of Merit, the symbol of which he always wears in the buttonhole of his suit).

He treats his employes very well, and really cares about them as individuals. Once, when Crown was recovering from a severe cold in Florida, the president of a United States Steel Co. subsidiary asked Crown to come north for a conference. Crown declined. An hour later Crown learned the son of his chauffeur had died. Crown immediately flew back to Chicago for the funeral.

He puts time, energy and talent into affairs which can't return him money. He's been a director of the Evanston Hospital Assn., a trustee of the University of Chicago Cancer Research Foundation, a member at large of the National Council of the Boy Scouts of America, a trustee of Illinois Institute of Technology.

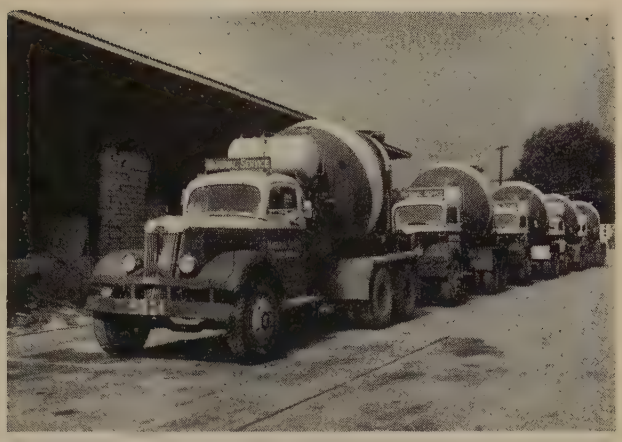
He withdrew a winning bid of $1,095,000 for the property on which the Morrison hotel stands when an

insurance company wanted to enter a late bid with the understanding that a home for the aged would benefit from such bid.

Crown started making speculative purchases of Chicago, Rock Island and Pacific railroad stock in 1946, when the road was undergoing reorganization. By 1948, when the reorganization was completed, Crown and his family held 200,000 shares. The last proxy statement shows Crown owning 18,567 common and 8,287 preferred shares in his own name. Even if this were all the shares he controlled — which would assume the rest of the family held no shares — Crown's Rock Island stock at current market values would be worth $2,500,000.

Crown has a very substantial investment in Hilton Hotels Corp., which has been buying and building hotels thruout the western hemisphere with great abandon. Crown and Conrad Hilton originally got together on the

Col. Robert R. McCormick: the Chicago **Tribune**



Henry Crown at one of his recently acquired coal mines, flanked by barges and trucks of his Material Service Corp., the world's largest producer of building materials.

purchase of the Palmer House. Crown suggested to Hilton that they also buy the Stevens, later renamed the Conrad Hilton. The latest Hilton Hotels proxy statement lists Crown as owning 9,037 shares. His wife, Gladys, owns 2,500. But the big Crown family investment in Hilton Hotels is via an obscure firm called Areljay Co., a two-partnership of Crown's sons. It owns 68,475 shares. All told that puts the Crown family investment at 80,012 shares. On the basis of current market values that's worth $3,250,000.

Then there's the Empire State Building, of which Crown owns all the outstanding stock. He bought it for $49,500,000. Much of the money, however, was borrowed and it's impossible to say just how much of his own cash Crown has tied up in the world's tallest building. Crown, himself, and not his family, owns it outright. He also has various real estate investments around Chicago. Material Service owns the Chicago Mercantile Exchange building.

Crown holds a few other directorships, which reveal where he's put a few odd dollars. For example, he's a director of West Indies Sugar Co. and according to the last proxy statement owned 1,400 shares. That's worth around $28,000. As a director of City Products Co., which makes everything from ice to beer, he owns 8,200 shares. That's worth around $300,000. He was a director and owned 3,300 shares of Omnibus Corp., the name of which has been changed to Hertz Corp. since the last proxy statement. That's worth around $100,000. None of this is much, but it adds up to nearly another half-million for a rainy day.

Crown's home is an extensive brick Tudor house on Lake Michigan in Evanston. He's lived there for 30 years. Besides the basement swimming pool, the house has a small private movie theater on the third floor. The swimming pool was in the house when Crown bought it, and Crown says he acquired the house for what the swimming pool alone would be worth today. Crown's first wife, Rebecca, died in 1943. They had three sons — Robert, Lester and John. Crown remarried in 1946, taking his former secretary as his wife.

It must be noted that, for all his undoubted financial prowess, there are knowledgeable people who dissent completely from the notion that he is the richest man in town. Foremost among these dissenters is the colonel himself, who denies vigorously that he is even in the top echelon. There are people on La Salle street who agree. And it is perfectly possible that the Chicagoan who has amassed the most money has addressed himself with equal energy to remaining unknown.

JOHN CUNEO'S FORTUNE is built upon an odd combination of culture and pro-

John Cuneo has among his holdings Hawthorn Mellody Farms, bordering his estate in Libertyville. The farm dairy, open for inspection, is well attended by city children.

Picture credits, left to right: page 20, United Press; p.22, UP, International News Service, UP, UP; p.23, bottom, UP, UP; p.24, UP.

duce. Culture is represented by John F. Cuneo Co., the original book binding firm he set up in 1907 specializing in fine book bindings. Produce is represented by National Tea Co., in which he has large holdings. Thus Cuneo combines his personal inclination toward the arts with his heritage as a vegetable vendor from his father and grandfather.

John Cuneo's press pioneered in complete book production from typesetter to fine binding, today is one of six great plants in various locations across the country.

Much of Cuneo's fortune is held in three obscure companies — Book Production Industries, Inc., Middle States Development and Equipment Co. and American Processing and Sales Co. It is thru Book Production Industries that Cuneo maintains control of Cuneo Press, Inc., one of the largest printing enterprises in the world. Cuneo and his family own Book Production Industries, which in turn owns about 60 per cent of the voting stock of Cuneo Press.

After Cuneo bought his little book binding business he discovered no existing firm offered book publishers the combined service of composition, printing and binding under one roof. That discovery led to his entry into the printing business. Today, Cuneo Press prints and binds magazines, mail order catalogs, and rotogravure and color-printed newspaper supplements. The company has five plants in addition to the one in Chicago — in Philadelphia, Milwaukee, Kokomo, Ind., Weehawken, N. J., and Los Angeles. Among the magazines printed are *Cosmopolitan, Good Housekeeping, Life* (eastern edition), *Time* (eastern edition), *Harper's Bazaar, House Beautiful, American Home, Argosy* and *Town and Country*. But the firm also has a job press department and will take orders for hand bills.

Cuneo owns only 556 shares of common stock of Cuneo Press in his own name. But Book Production Industries owns 615,876 shares of the common. Combined, these holdings currently have a market value of about $5,000,000.

Cuneo is a director of National Tea Co., one of the country's leading retail food chains. He owns 61,608 shares. In addition Book Production Industries holds 55,336 shares of National Tea. Cuneo also owns more than 50 per cent of Middle States Development & Equipment Co., which in turn owns 141,200 shares of National Tea. Other members of Cuneo's family own 7,250 shares of National Tea. Cuneo is a trustee of two employe retirement funds which have invested in 9,840 shares of National Tea.

All this adds up to 258,144 shares. It cannot be said Cuneo owns all these shares, but he owns a large majority of them and has an important control over how the other shares may be voted at the stockholder meetings. At current market prices these shares have a value of $9,000,000.

Cuneo lives in baronial fashion on a farm near Libertyville, to the manor bred if not born. It was what was left in 1937, when Cuneo bought it, of the former Samuel Insull estate. It is said that when Cuneo holds a little dinner for friends, he hires enough waitresses from caterers to assure that each guest will have an individual waitress to serve him food. Many Chicagoans have been on at least a portion of this farm — Hawthorn Mellody Farms Dairy. One can wander thru the barns and even see how a cow is milked if one wants to — an educational experience for many an urban boy or girl. Hawthorn Mellody is owned by American Processing and Sales Co., of which Cuneo directly or indirectly owns more than 50 per cent. It is a private firm and therefore it's impossible to give it any market value — but obviously it's several million dollars more among Cuneo's assets.

In 1930 Cuneo married Miss Julia Reed Sheppard. They have two children, John F. jr. and Consuela. Cuneo has given generously to Catholic charities and he is a Knight of Malta — the oldest order of laymen in the Catholic church, an honor usually awarded to individuals distinguished for their charities — and a Knight of the Grand Cross of St. Sylvester. One favorite charity is the Cuneo Memorial hospital, founded by his father. Another is Loyola university, where he has been chairman of the president's council.

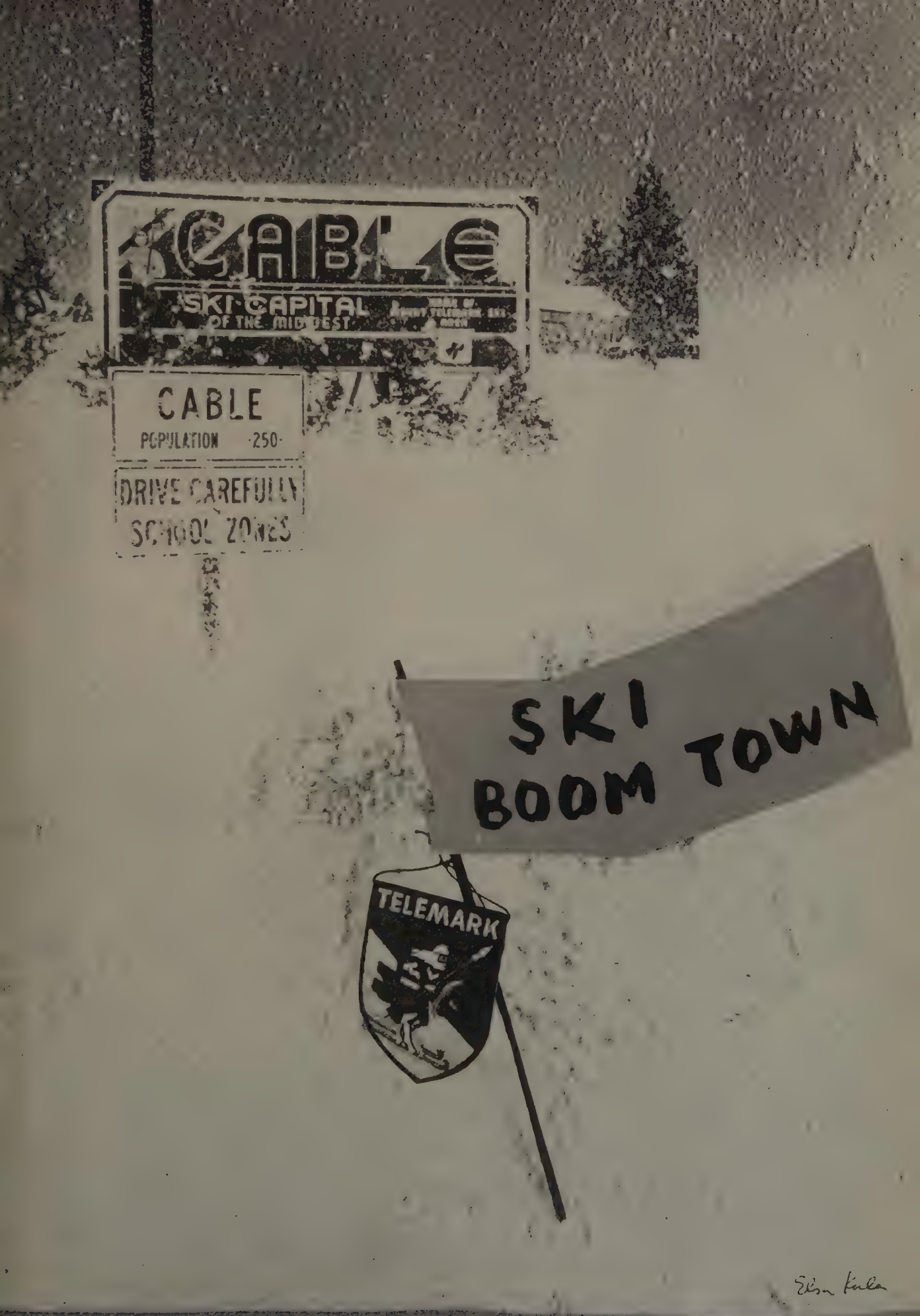
During World War I Cuneo served in the educational service (poster division) of the U. S. Department of Labor. During World War II he was a member of the National War Labor board. He belongs to all the exclusive clubs in the Chicago area and has been president of the Commercial club, a businessmen's organization which has such a high tone that members wear formal attire for all meetings. He is a director of the Continental Illinois National Bank & Trust Co.

LIKE HIS FATHER and grandfather Cuneo has invested in Chicago real estate. One such piece of property created an uproar in 1929. It was a small 89 by 70-foot lot at the northeast corner of Michigan and Randolph. Cuneo bought it for $1,076,000 from Standard Oil interests. One fine morning he announced he intended to build a 60-story skyscraper on this plot, hardly large enough to hold a respectable ranch house. It appeared the city council had changed a zoning ordinance without public hearing to give Cuneo the right to do this. When Cuneo's plans became known, a furor ensued and the whole matter landed in the courts. Cuneo's building permit was revoked. Presumably, he still owns this property.

At 69 Cuneo is a short, stocky, sandy-haired man who looks younger than his years. He is an ardent horseman, specializing in prize-winning hackney horses which he enjoys driving himself both at home and in shows. He's also an art collector. In the latter field he personifies the well worn phrase, "them what has, gits." As witness this:

A couple of years ago Cuneo bought a painting for a little more than $1,000 from an interior decorator. It was executed in tempera on wood, measuring 27 inches high by 17¾ inches wide. Cuneo decided to let Dr. Maurice Goldblatt, art expert and director of the art galleries of the University of Notre Dame, have a look at it. Goldblatt sought the opinion of three other experts. It turned out the painting was the missing 13th century *Madonna and Child Enthroned* by Guido di Siena, one of the earliest Italian painters.

Dr. Goldblatt placed its value in excess of $250,000. But Cuneo doesn't intend to sell. It seems he doesn't need the money.



Cable, Wisconsin, once a snowbound little lumber town, is now a lively winter sports mecca

SKI BOOM TOWN

The few hardy families who make up the permanent population of Cable, Wisconsin, used to spend the long winters almost in hibernation. After the snows came, the three-block long, nameless main street was traveled only by an occasional trapper. The settlement, named after a North Western railroad man, was founded in 1881 and had a brief vitality as a logging town. But that industry had long since diminished. Then, seven years ago, a second industry came to Cable: the resort ski trade. It was started almost single-handedly by Anthony Wise, a visionary young man who bought a mountainside near town, cleared the brush for several ski runs, built a chalet and in 1947 advertised Cable as a ski paradise. That winter some 700 visitors came to Cable, and seven years later the traffic numbered 14,000. It was a boom.

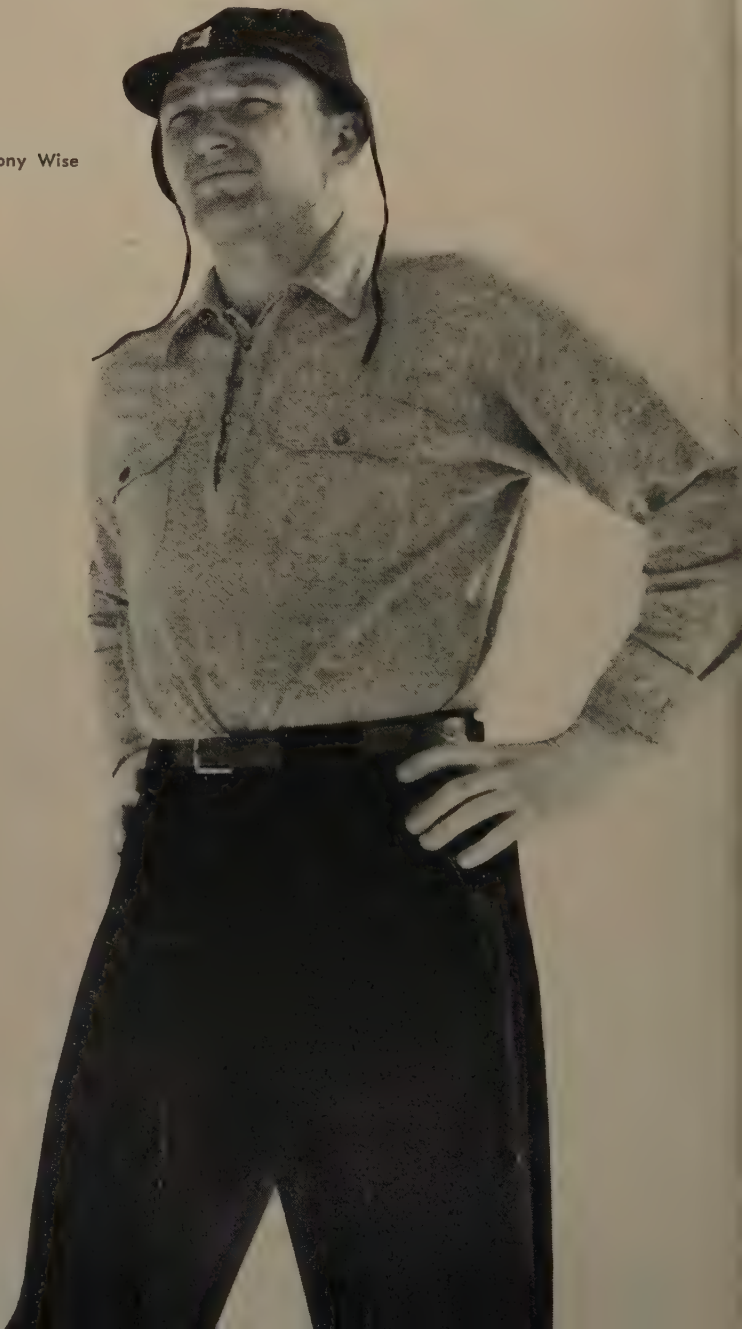
In the northwest quarter of Wisconsin, Cable lies on a 10-mile wide snowbelt in the shadow of Mount Telemark, elevation 1,750 feet. Wise has now strung the sprawling Mount with six rope-tows that lift the skiers onto well-trimmed runs up to 2,600 feet long.

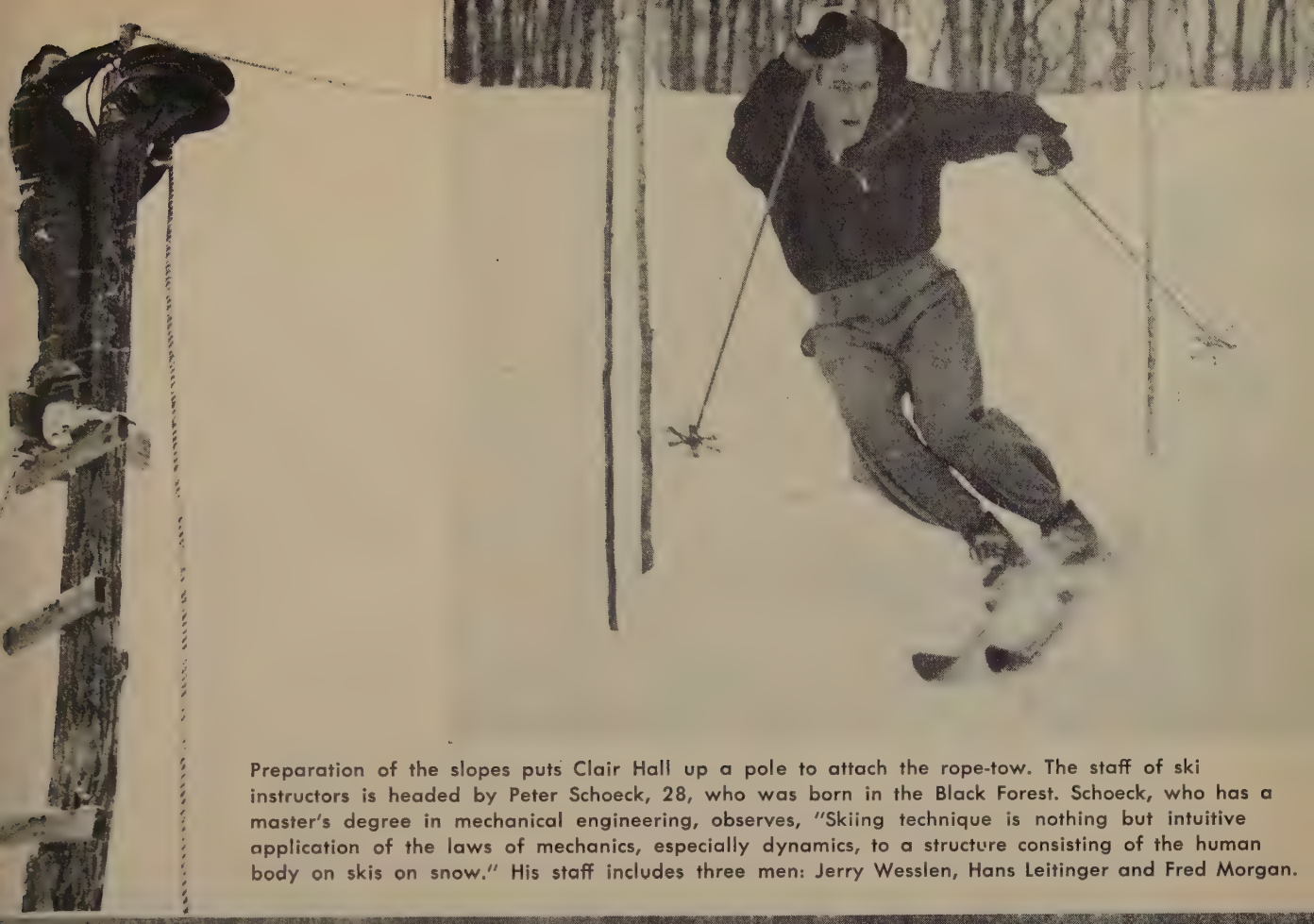
Tony Wise has become the busy area's leading citizen, and he bears the honor graciously. He lives with his wife and two children in nearby Hayward, where he is serving his first term as mayor. He is a major in the reserves, and is founder and president of the Sawyer County Historical society.

One of the instructors in Tony Wise's ski school is Bede Rondeau, 21, daughter of the owner of Cable's general store. Bede has studied psychology and medicine at Southern Methodist university in Texas, and says most of her generation is planning to settle near home now that the place has come alive.

Bede Rondeau, yodeling

Anthony Wise





Preparation of the slopes puts Clair Hall up a pole to attach the rope-tow. The staff of ski instructors is headed by Peter Schoeck, 28, who was born in the Black Forest. Schoeck, who has a master's degree in mechanical engineering, observes, "Skiing technique is nothing but intuitive application of the laws of mechanics, especially dynamics, to a structure consisting of the human body on skis on snow." His staff includes three men: Jerry Wesslen, Hans Leitinger and Fred Morgan.

SKI BOOM TOWN

Many of the resorts in ski country are luxury business ventures that operate on a brisk profit-making basis. Possibly because the boom at Telemark is young, and the new jobs have been manned all along by native folks, Cable has kept its history and heritage visible and a cheery home town atmosphere predominates over the resort bustle. On week ends, when the crowds outnumber the fast-growing accommodations, skiers are taken into the hospitable white wooden homes. Telemark is in operation daily during the first and last weeks each month, and in midmonth is open Friday thru Monday. Chicago and North Western trains run twice daily to the area.

The town hall is one of the very few buildings in Cable more than one story high. It is typical in vintage and neatness of the local architecture, which embodies the traditional simplicity and sturdiness of the rural Midwest.

photographs by Don Bronstein

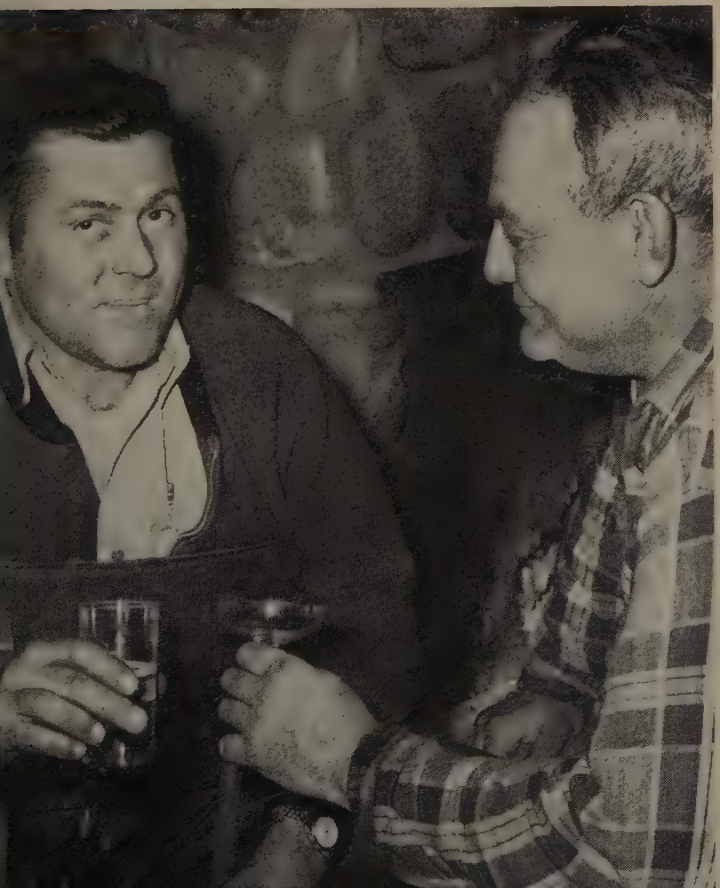
text by Odette Tomas

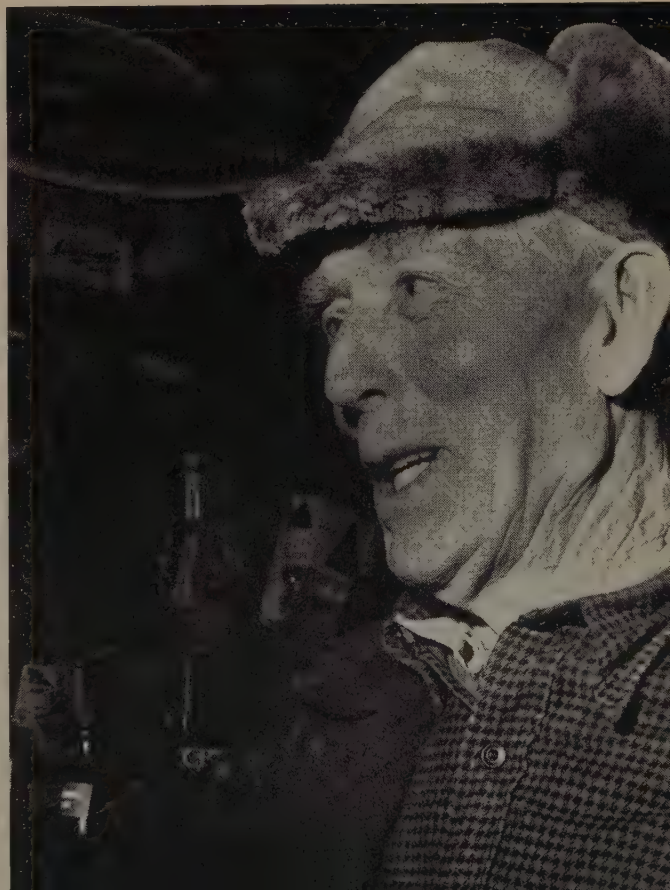
design by Elsa Kula

born in the brush, and this is where I want to
says Metro Manzio (at right, with wife Mae
aughter Karyn). This year he is expanding his
ki Inn to house 15 more skiers, putting in a
ol pit and broiler. "Last year so many begged to
nat I just threw the lodge open and they slept
here . . . on the bar and piano!"

Nestel (below, left) used to be a State street
nan, is now a telephone maintenance man in
where he plans to stay. Telephone business has
d during the boom. With Nestel is Carl Parod,
r emigre from Chicago. Parod operates
nway year-round Cable Union airport. "This is
nd of country," he says. "My wife can cook
ng now that we moved. We both thrive here."

-timer Tom Farley (below, right) was a buffalo
until the game was gone. Then he left North
and came to Cable as a lumberjack. He's a
oir of Bunyanesque yarns and the "welcome
er" warmth with which Cable greets almost a
nd waxed-board enthusiasts each week end
son.





MY COUNTRY, HEADS OR TAILS

On the first Tuesday after the first Monday of last November, about early sunset, I walked into the neighborhood polling place whistling *O, What a Beautiful Morning,* not because I particularly liked the tune, but because I felt I should be doing something to keep my spirits afloat.

Having just turned 21, this was to be my first encounter with the ballot — at least on municipal, state and federal levels — and all day long I had been trying to rid myself of a feeling that I wouldn't be able to bring it off. I say "all day," but what I really mean is all September, October and the first part of November. Of course, it was a matter of simple arithmetic to make me realize that my vote would count for little in the floodtide of ballots, but that approach didn't stem the panic.

No, the panic came from something far less rational than arithmetic. Probably it went back to the first grade — my first voting experience. Our teacher, a Miss Flick, explained to us that we were to elect one member from our class to represent us on the student council. We dispensed with nominations and campaign speeches, but we did enjoy a secret ballot, and a sort of portable polling booth in the person of Miss Flick, who went to each of us in our seats and bent down for us to whisper our vote in her ear. I still remember how sweet her ear smelled as I cast my vote for Carl Bonner, the best reader in the class, and how important I felt at the time. After all, there were only twelve in the class; my vote counted for something.

As it turned out, a fellow named John Hoff, a dentist's son, won the election by a single vote. I came in second. When I went home that day I told my family all about voting and democracy. They seemed impressed. Then I told them about my losing by one vote, and my father said, "Why didn't you vote for yourself?"

I was shocked; it didn't seem right. "You can't do that," I said defiantly.

"Roosevelt does," said my brother, who was eleven.

I thought about this for a while. Then I said, "He's the best man, and you're supposed to vote for the best man. Miss Flick said so." Everybody laughed, except me. They weren't taking it seriously.

In the second grade, our teacher, Miss Brucker, announced one day that we were going to take a straw vote for the governor of the state. A governor, she said, was the leader of the state. "He tells everybody what to do." She also attempted to explain the meaning of "straw vote," but, as far as I was concerned, she failed. The election was to be held the next day.

Again I had the sensation of importance, even of awe. I was going to choose the leader of the state. I asked my mother and father that night whom they were going to choose as governor. It seemed there were three candidates: Williams, Olsen and Gallagher. From what I could gather, Gallagher didn't stand a chance, but then I heard my father say, "I think I'll vote for him anyway." I made up my mind to vote for Gallagher.

In the second grade, we voted not in whisper but in writing. We were each given an uneven strip of paper upon which we were told to mark down one, just one, of the candidate's initials. And we were warned by Miss Brucker not to sign our names. "It's all a secret," she explained.

I FIGURED my task was more difficult than some of the other voters', since it was harder to make a capital "G" than it was to make a capital "W" or a capital "O". I made the mark with great care and proudly placed my ballot atop the pile on Miss Brucker's desk. It came as something of a shock to me to learn that Williams had won by a landslide and that Gallagher had received one vote, the same number as Tom Mix got, even tho Miss Brucker explained that Tom Mix didn't want to be governor.

Straw vote day in the second grade happened to fall on Election Day in the state, and I was eager to find out if Gallagher had fared any better in my parents' election than he had in mine. I had the feeling that if he could split even, things wouldn't be so bad.

"Ma," I said. "Did you and Dad choose a governor?"

"Yes," she said. "We voted for Olsen."

"Not Gallagher?" I asked reproachfully, pronouncing it Gallier. And then, to my mother's surprise, I began to cry. I went to bed immediately — it was still afternoon — and was inconsolable for several hours, until I got hungry and went downstairs. But I never quite got over the feeling that I had been duped.

Probably I had an intimation of further treachery as I stepped to the polls last November. The polling place was really a small repair garage, and there was still, to judge from the hammering noise in the back, a bit of repair work being done. The noise was sharp and resounding, and I found myself compulsively tapping my feet to its regular rhythm. I stopped whistling and felt a headache coming on.

I gave my name to the lady at a table near the door and, after a few formalities, she handed me a slip of paper I had to sign. I got in line to wait, being careful to dodge several grease pools on the floor.

As I waited, my finger tips began to go cold and my head started to throb in rhythm to the hammer. I kept my eyes on the single booth, my des-

a memoir by Richard Margolis

ination. It was enclosed by a dark blue curtain which stopped about a foot above the floor, so that the occupant's feet were visible, as in a gay-toilet. Whenever someone opened or closed the curtain, there was a quick, rasping sound, like a sword being yanked from its scabbard.

It was the feet which fascinated me. Usually they were planted firmly, and only slightly separated. Occasionally, though, there was a bit of shuffling, which gave me the feeling that the voter was being a Hamlet. I began to wonder how my feet would look to the others — firm and decisive, or weak and shifting. But why should I worry? Hadn't I been preparing myself for two months? Hadn't I read the newspapers diligently and kept my ear to the radio? And hadn't I already picked my candidates from the U.S. Senate down to the municipal judges? Certainly. And yet . . .

WHILE I WAS mentally reciting my candidates, the man ahead of me had entered the booth, cast his several ballots and was now departing. I was next. A young lady standing near the booth said, "Do you know how to work the machine?"

"Is it hard?" I asked.

I must have looked a little frightened for I saw her face go gentle; she said, "Not really, if you follow the directions. Just pull down the levers over your choices."

I nodded and edged my way into the booth.

I closed the curtain (that contounded sabre-noise) and faced the machine. For a moment I was conscious of the people outside the curtained booth, my private voting shower. I feared that everyone out there was staring at my feet, and that the slightest wriggle of my toe might disgrace me in their eyes. Then I became aware of the hammer blows again, sharp and penetrating, and of the throb in my head.

With effort, I pulled myself together long enough to consider the machine. It was mostly the color of slate, cold and gray; there was row upon row of levers, with a name, in black-on-white, under each one.

The crazy idea occurred to me that if I were to pull the right lever (or the wrong one), I could blow up the world. With this thought residing somewhere near the top of my head, I began to vote.

Really, it was simple. I breezed thru the top officers like a Pilgrim descendant, then I elected judges, lawmakers and commissioners without hesitation. Finally, I arrived at the last two choices, Willoughby vs. Marsh, alternate justice of the peace or something like that. The two levers were way over to the right side of the machine, about waist high.

I paused. Who were Willoughby and Marsh? I began pacing the booth, such as it was, trying to recollect their names. No use. I stared at the two names from all angles, even kneeling to appraise them at eye level.

I had to choose between them — but how? I made up my mind not to leave the booth without voting my full ballot's worth. Gingerly, I fingered first Marsh's lever, then Willoughby's; but I pressed neither.

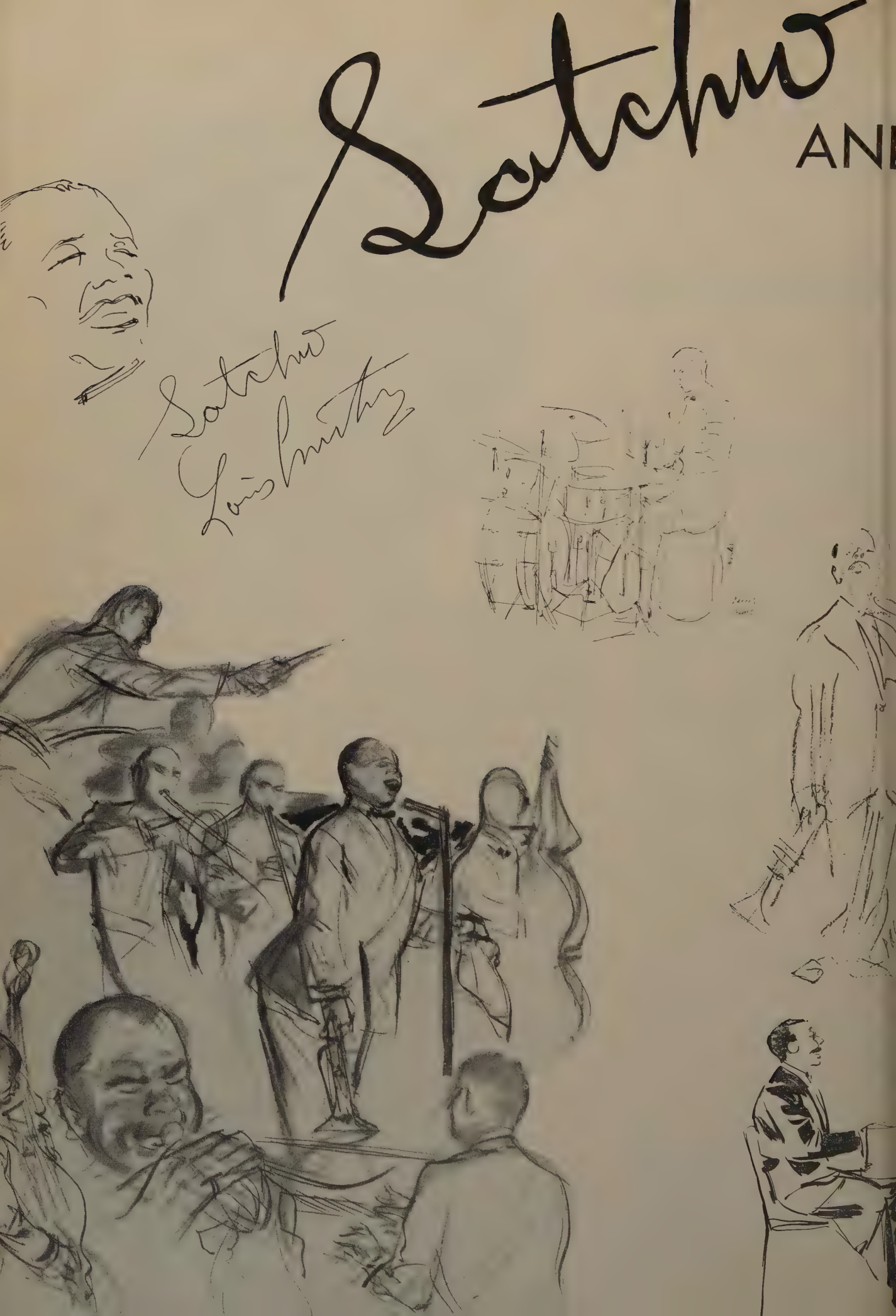
After a moment or two of confusion, I took a quarter out of my coat pocket. I said, "Heads, Willoughby; tails, Marsh." And flipped. At that moment I became aware that the hammer had suddenly stopped. Probably that was what rattled me; something did anyway, for I failed to catch the coin and, paralyzed, I watched it hit the floor — on end, yet — and roll slowly and deliberately out from under the curtained booth; and I heard it make its silly rolling sound, getting faster and faster as it began to make smaller and smaller circles somewhere outside; then I heard it lose its balance and begin to make descending vibrating noises, till finally it fell flat to the floor and was silent.

For a second there was no sound. Then a girl giggled, and I felt my face go red. I reached blindly for the bottom right-hand corner of the machine and pulled a lever, which one I'll never know. Then I gave the curtain a vicious yank and strode out with my head down. I spotted the quarter near the door and scooped it up without looking at anyone.

As I made my exit from the garage, I met a friend just arriving. "Well," he said. "I see you've done your duty as a democratic citizen."

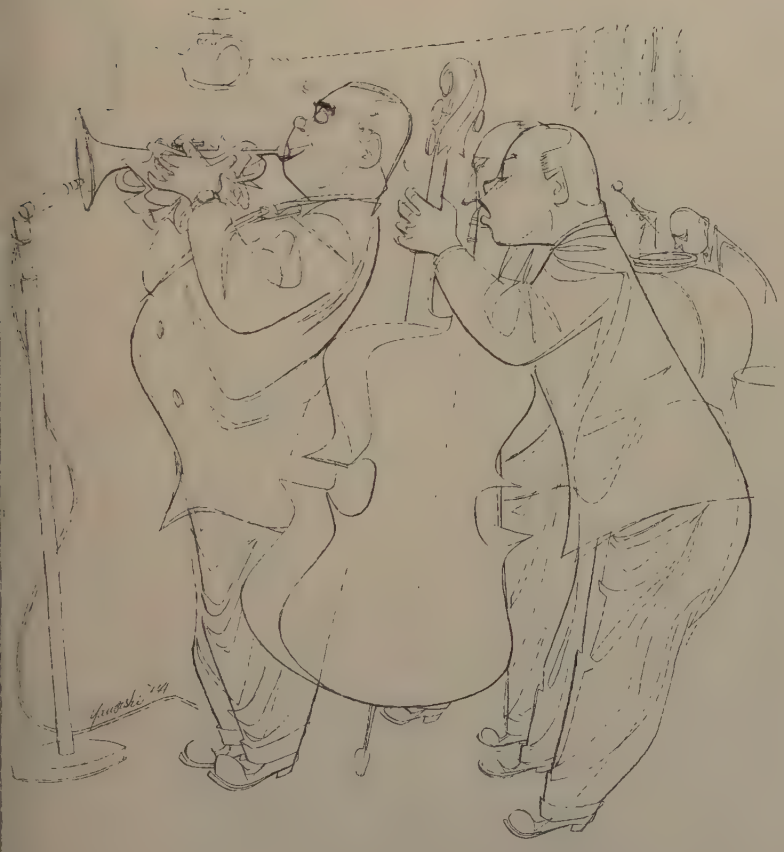
"There must be an easier form of government," I muttered, and hurried away.

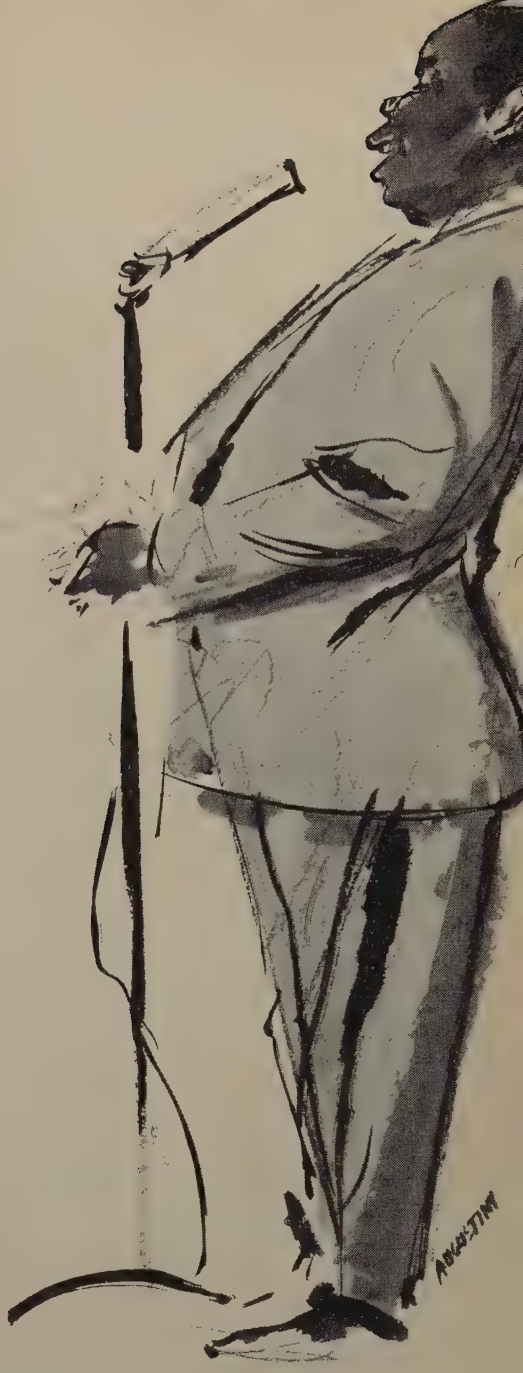
On the way home I stopped in a drugstore and spent part of my quarter on the evening newspaper. Not entirely to look for some news on the Willoughby-Marsh race.


Satchmo
ANI
Satchmo
Louis Armstrong

THE ARTISTS

One smoky night at the Blue Note, Frank Holzfiend's jazz hall at Clark and Madison, two dozen young artists sat around the ringside submitting themselves to the spell cast by Louis Armstrong and his current six-man combo. But the ringsiders were fiddling with camel's hair brushes instead of swizzle sticks. Satchmo winked and struck a pose: "So you all came to jot the jive!" This was one of several Artists Guild of Chicago outings to sketchable places; earlier projects were the circus, roller derby, wrestling matches, and this winter they will cover ballet. The Blue Note session produced about a gross of finished and sketched pieces. On these pages is work by Pauline Algminowicz, Edward Augustiny, Sally Charlton, Arnold Kohn, George McVicker and Alex Yaworski.

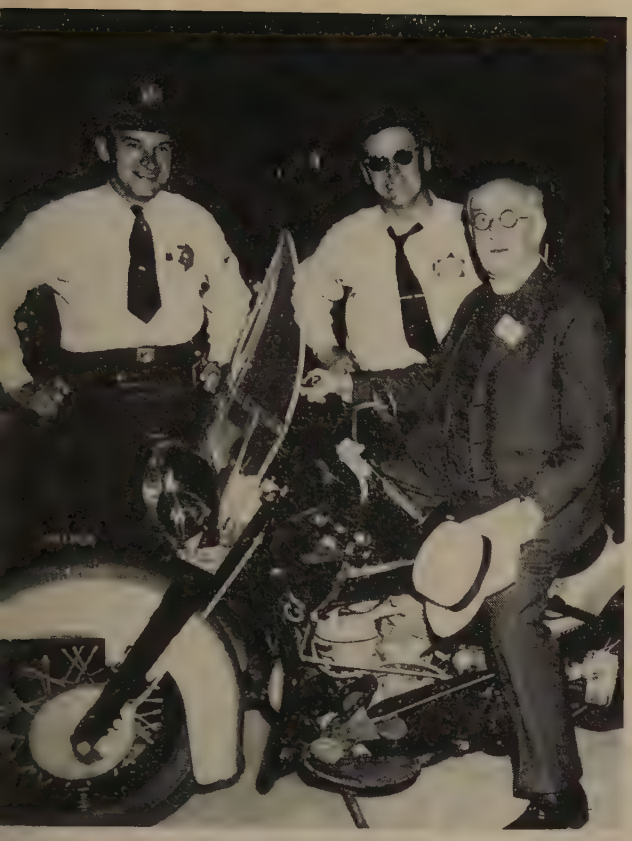




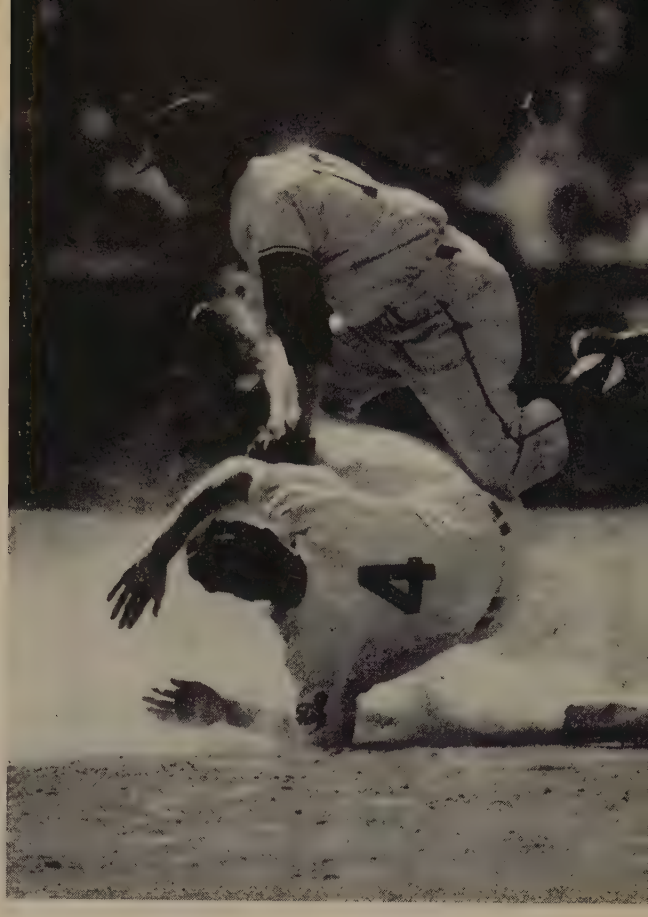
The Year's Best Press Photography

THE HUNTER'S MOON — **Russell Daley,** Daily News
3rd prize, Pictorial

Long deliberation and close decisions marked this year's judging of pictures taken by members of the Chicago Press Photographers association. The arbiters were studio photographer Fran Byrne and press agents Peter Pollack and Fred Townsend of the Art Institute and the Palmer House, respectively. They had more than 200 entries to choose from. After a lot of looking back and forth they picked a grand prize shot and three winners in each of four categories — spot news, features, pictorial and sports. The selection here was made from among all the entries, and includes several formidable also-rans, as well as some of the award winners. The prizes will be given at the association's 14th annual dinner in the Morrison hotel February 5.



WHICH WAY TO CANTERBURY? **Russell Daley,** Daily News

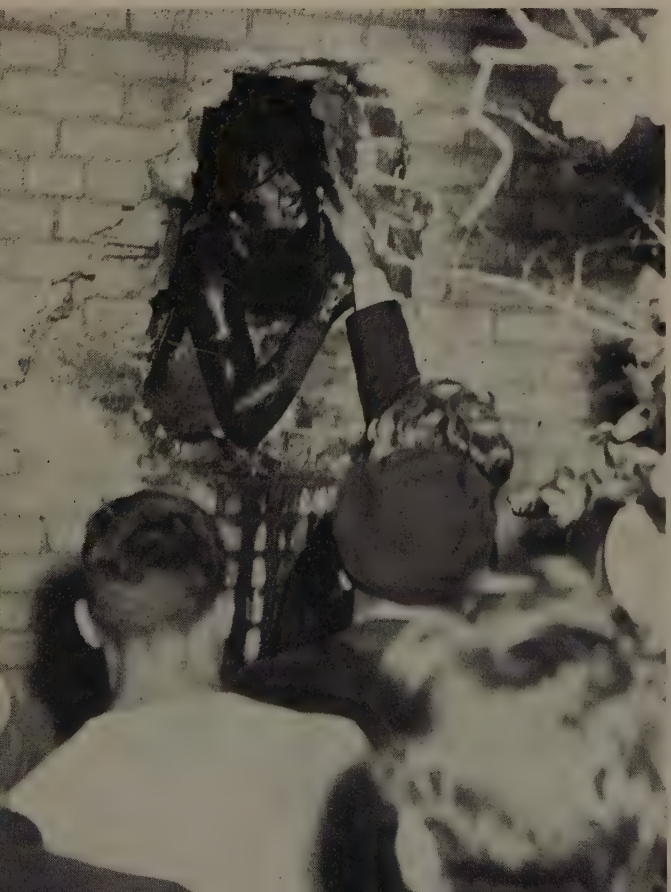


PARDON MY BACK **Charles Knoblock,** AP
Grand prize; 1st prize, Sports

FIRE THREATENS STOCK YARDS **Roy Miller,** United Press

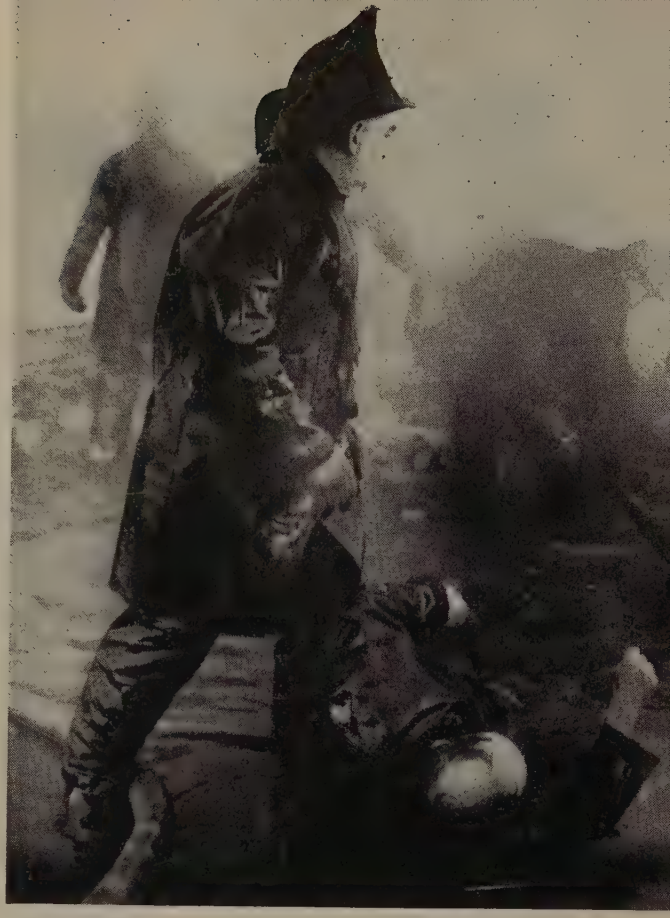
DELUGE **Robert Kotalik**, Sun-Times

LACKOUT **Joseph Marino**, Daily News



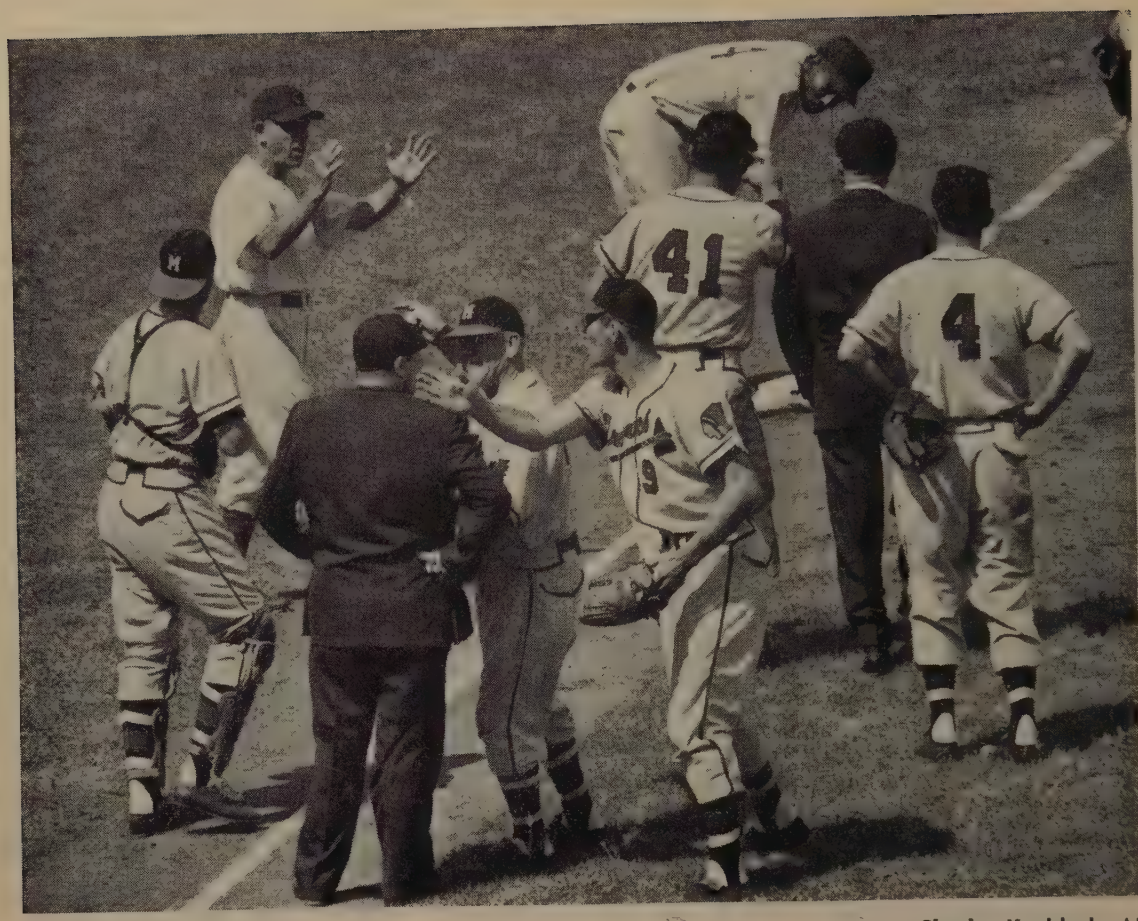
PATTERNS **Ralph Walters**, Sun-Times

ABID DOG'S LAST BITE **John Austad,** Tribune



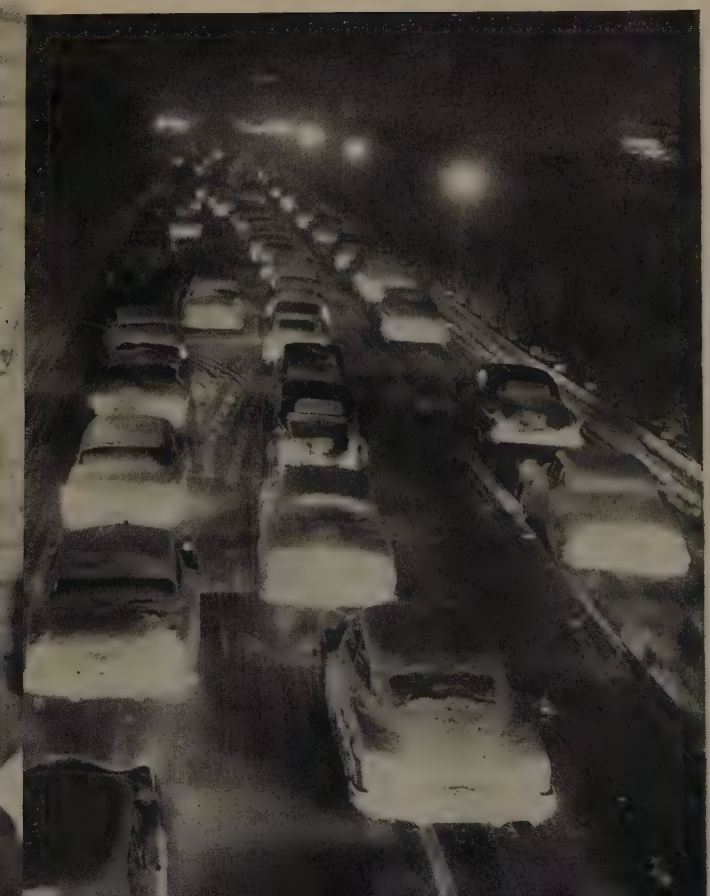
FIRE FIGHTERS **Frank Berger,** American
1st prize, Spot News

VAGRANTS' OUTLOOK **Ralph Walters,** Sun-Times
2nd prize, Spot News



THAT'S WHAT YOU SAY — Charles Knoblock, AP

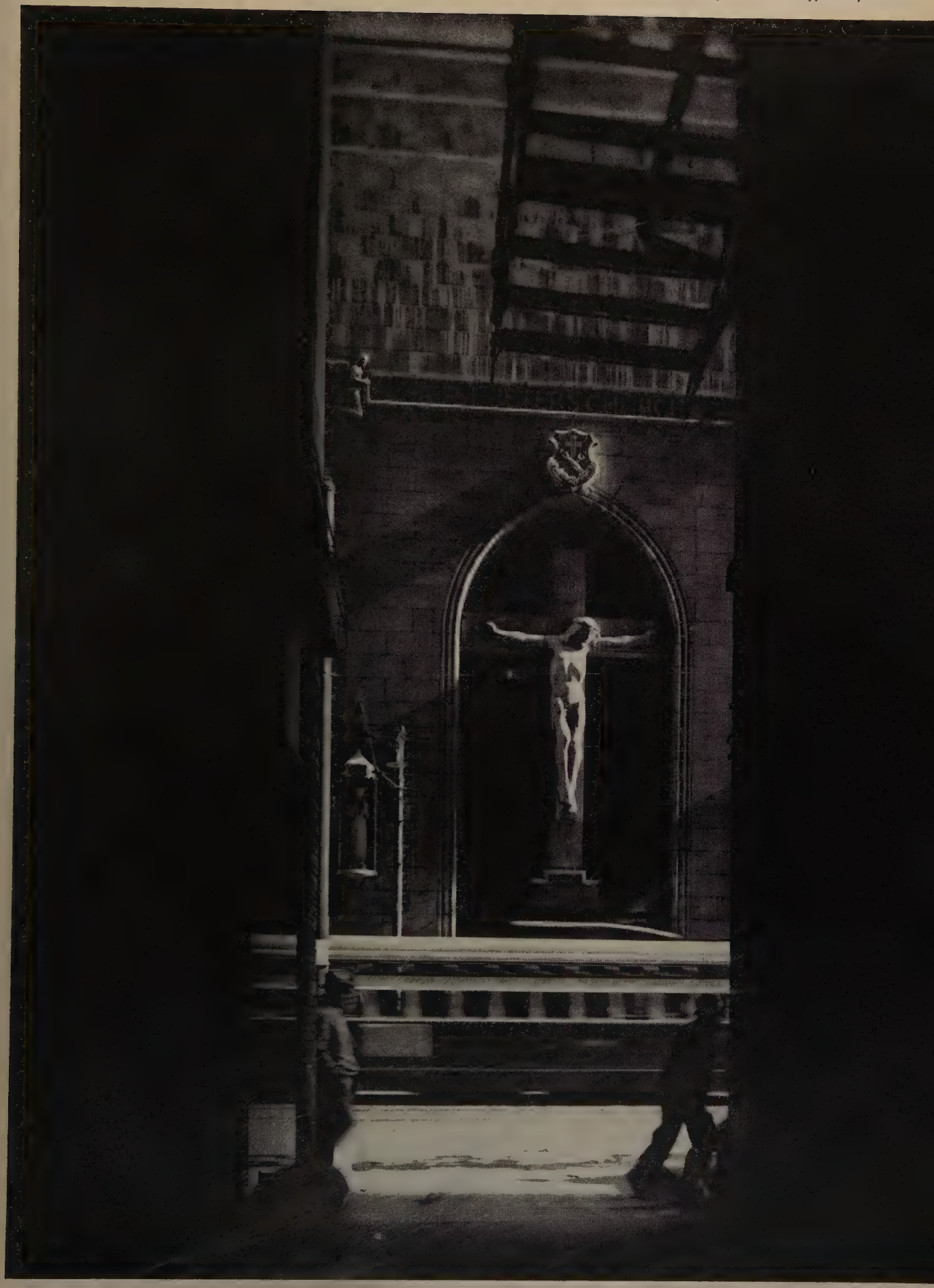
AC SNOW SLIDE HOME — William Knefel, Sun-Times



FOOTBALL HANGOVER — Robert Kotalik, Sun-Ti

EMERGING FROM THE SHADOWS

Raymond Burley, Daily News



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As We Were

75 YEARS AGO. Fifty-thousand supporters of Irish nationalism cheered a local speech by Charles Stewart Parnell in February, 1880 . . . The board of education adopted a rule providing that female teachers who married would be considered to have tendered their resignations . . . Postal officials raided several Loop offices whence **obscene literature** was allegedly being distributed. One place on Clark street was said to have sent out books entitled "Chicago After Dark," "Cranky Ann, the Street Walker" and "Wicked Nell, a Gay Girl of the Town" . . . A big grain elevator at 16th and Dearborn collapsed, dumping **125,000 bushels of wheat** onto adjacent streets.

50 YEARS AGO. In February, 1905, the Cubs, first major league baseball team to train on the West Coast, embarked on their third annual spring jaunt to Los Angeles . . . **Dr. William Rainey Harper,** the University of Chicago's only president to date, resigned himself to an early death after an exploratory operation by Dr. Nicholas Senn showed that he had cancer . . . The commissioners in charge of Lincoln park voted to expand it by 245 acres by filling in land . . . More than 150 men of diverse social status were jailed in one day as Loop police began enforcing the **ordinance against spitting.** Trials were then held, and each of the guilty fined a dollar.

25 YEARS AGO. Joseph "Yellow Kid" Weil, the self-enthroned world's champion con man, was released from Leavenworth prison in February, 1930, and announced that he intended to go straight . . . The financially hard-pressed city gave 18,000 employes their **first paychecks** since January 1st on Valentine's Day . . . Three teen-agers were arrested for preaching communism to pupils of Brown school on the West Side . . . Mounted police broke up a march of several hundred Red demonstrators on city hall . . . **Seven gang killings** in five days projected State's Attorney John Swanson and Police Commissioner William F. Russell into a prolonged tizzy.

Ben Hecht in 30-Year Perspective

by James T. Farrell

The author of Studs Lonigan *reviews the life and times of a leader of the Chicago literary renaissance*

Hecht: No ideas have ever filled me with wonder.

A CHILD OF THE CENTURY, The Autobiography of Ben Hecht, New York, 1954, Simon and Schuster, 654 pp. $5.

"The magic of words," writes Ben Hecht in his autobiography, *A Child of the Century,* "still remains for me. I prefer them to ideas. They are a more precious currency. No ideas have ever filled me with wonder. Phrases have. Ideas become quickly impoverished. Their value, never great, fades with usage. The word has a hardier mintage.

"Phrases, not ideas, are the tools of recreating life. Ideas lie on a perpetual rubbish heap, waiting to be salvaged, dusted off and flaunted anew as riches. The mind, searching pompously for truth, pokes among the fineries of yesterday, rearrays itself in what it has outgrown, parades again its remodelings. The ideas of yesterday, today and tomorrow are the same, and they add nothing to the meaning of life."

I have given this long quotation from the early pages of Hecht's autobiography not because it gives us insight into the character of ideas and phrases or words, but rather because it does tell us much about Hecht, himself. It is difficult for a writer to sustain an autobiography of 654 pages if he thinks that "ideas lie on a perpetual rubbish heap." He has insufficient equipment with which to give any clear sense of the meaning of his own life and times and of the century of which he is a child: and probably no writer now living or of the past either could fill 654 pages with phrases that will continually convey to us the wonder of life, if he regards ideas and phrases as Hecht does. This is definitely true of Hecht because most of his best phrases are long since behind him and can be found in such of his early books as *1001 Afternoons in Chicago.*

Hecht's iconoclasm about and his contempt for ideas does not mean that he is devoid of them. He isn't. But generally his ideas are banal and they repeat what he said in the yesterday of his youth. His autobiography is a concoction, an improvised literary cocktail. Everything in life is an occasion for Hecht to sound off, and he fills too many of his pages with the wind of his prejudices. He tells us what he thinks of ideas and philosophy, of life, love, literature, politics, politicians, democracy, communism, Germans and Germany, the cold war, the Jews, Palestine, Zionism, Irgun — the Hebrew terrorist movement which fought for a Palestinian state heroically and with the weapon of terrorism — Hollywood, marriages, mistresses, wives, seductions, Chicago, New York and sundry other matters. All of this could be more interesting if Hecht had more interesting opinions and ideas. But this is not the case and the steam of his phrases, the arrogance of his judgments, and the staleness of many of his prejudices do him a disservice. For Hecht is a gifted writer tho he hurts his work because of his easy iconoclasm, his ready-to-wear medium-priced cynicism and his deficiency in a clearer sense of values.

Perhaps it is ungracious of me to write of Hecht in this vein because, at one time, his books influenced me. However, I shall accept the risk of being ungracious. And before I continue to discuss his autobiography, I shall speak of his influence on me. I trust that it will make more clear features of his autobiography and something of the significance and character of Hecht as a writer.

BEN HECHT WAS THE FIRST of the writers of the so-called Chicago renaissance whom I read. His books were a stimulation and an excitement to me. Their appeal was varied. A phrase of his, "the greedy little half dead," caught my eye. I repeated it often in youthful discussions of life and humanity. I stood on street corners in the Loop, staring at the faces in the passing crowd, seeking closer contact with people, trying to feel more and to understand more clearly, and at the same time, I told myself that these people in the crowds were "the greedy little half dead." This gave me

Farrell: Everything in life is an occasion for Hecht to sound off.

a feeling of importance. I had a phrase which helped me to feel superior to the great mass of humanity. I had words which could lift me above the apathy, the lusts, the confusions, the ignorance, the cruelties, the sadnesses and the vain strivings of many people.

I was a student at the University of Chicago and worked in filling stations, in back of the stock yards and at 35th and Morgan. There, more of "the greedy little half dead" would pass by and I would watch them. Many times, I used to stand inside my service station, gazing at the people who passed and trying to describe them in phrases quite like those of Ben Hecht. This was both frustrating and stimulating. For one of Hecht's books which I had read was *1001 Afternoons in Chicago.* Along with *Count Bruga,* it ranks, in my opinion, as his best. Consisting of sketches he wrote for the Chicago *Daily News,* it is full of charm, color and exciting phrases. Hecht's best talent is that of coining metaphors and he was at his peak when he knocked off *1001 Afternoons in Chicago.* His subjects were usually grotesque. The grotesque has usually interested him and to it he brings a sense of the mordant. In *A Child of the Century,* he boasts of his interest in the sordid, in hangings, rape and murders. "I could fill over a hundred pages with lists of fascinating cadavers."

But for me, *1001 Afternoons in Chicago* helped me to become more aware of — let us say — the poetry of the street. Its high voltage figures of speech roused my feelings and my imagination. Frequently, the young and aspiring writer sees the use of figures of speech, the coining of phrases, as the sign and symbol of literary talent. I did. Hecht could make his phrases. Harry Hansen in *Mid-West Portraits* characterized him, I believe, as a Pagliacci of the fire escapes.

Hecht's talents were fresh then. He had an exuberancy and flair. But his novels, *Erik Dorn* and *Humpty Dumpty,* were frustrating. They exuded a sense of the present, of life going on immediately in one's own time, and there was an excitement in this very fact. (What little sense of books and culture I had had come to me almost as tho by osmosis, from the dead Victorian past.) And in these novels there was a frankness about sex which gave a feeling of added reality. But the cynicism, the iconoclasm, the verbal posturings, the lack of empathy and sympathy frustrated me. A newspaper man can look at people and happenings; he can cast a cold and jaundiced eye at politicians; he can watch hangings; he can investigate sordidness and poverty; he can dig into tales of rape and murder and he can do a good piece of reporting without necessarily having to identify deeply with the people who are the subjects of his stories. A fair number of journalists, going about their work, tend to develop what sometimes seems to be an occupational trait. They gradually tend to regard what happens as tho it occurred merely so that they could do a story. The world is a show, made for them.

Hecht often gives the impression that this is pretty much the way that he looks at life. Journalism is an honorable and most socially useful profession. I do not intend to denegate here. But what I have observed might help to explain why it is often so difficult for many journalists to write novels. And this is possibly the case in Hecht's novels. *Count Bruga* was an exception, but then it is a special kind of book. The chief protagonist is a poet who acts and talks much like the late Maxwell Bodenheim. The character is bizarre and Hecht has a lively and enthusiastic feeling for the bizarre.

BEHIND THE frustration I found in Hecht's early novels, there was not only a limited power to identify. There was too little sympathy. And sympathy is usually significant because it is the means of making human emotions important. I discovered Sherwood Anderson and Theodore Dreiser after Hecht. In them I found, not cleverness, keenness for a grotesque surface of life, and iconoclasm that helped me to feel a transitory and false sense of superiority to others. In them, rather, I encountered a seriousness of feeling about human emotions, human tragedies, about the struggle, often s blundering, which we all make to liv out our life span. There are som writers who can produce out of nega tive emotions and they can rouse an move us. Celline, in *Journey to th End of Night* and *Death on the In stallment Plan,* is one. But Cellin hates and hates deeply. His hatred, i fact, is so intense that it carries its own antidote and as we read, we ca purge ourselves of hatred. Hecht doe not hate. He flings out phrases of con tempt; he laughs; he falls into quick scorn; he is negative in an easy and facile manner. He is something of Chicago Huysmans without any rea cultivation or depth of feeling and fear of life such as one found in Huysmans.

A CHILD OF THE CENTURY gives us a series of echoes of Hecht's other writings, including his plays and movie scenarios. There are remembrances of *1001 Afternoons in Chicago, The Front Page, Erik Dorn, A Jew in Love* and of many motion pictures jumbled up with readily given off-hand judgments on almost all of the complicated problems of the world of today. And being so confidently judgmental, Hecht did damage to his own book; he reduced the effect that he might have achieved with a better exercise of his own ability. Frequently he asserts a dislike for people. "The greedy little half dead" of the twenties are re-described as "the half-alive ones." "They are not individuals, and the modern world is witnessing the decline and death of individuality." "The twentieth century died at the end of the 1920's." "Free speech is a mirage." "The deepest American fear has not been fear of censorship as much as fear of being censorable" and "My countrymen think actually in the same manner as do the conforming Russians." "And we have an embryonic police state in America." "And there are the laureled notables who, tho they seem to be writing eruditely and aloofly, are doing nothing more than exhausting their minds in holding together the biases and errors in which they live. Such, to my mind, was Santayana." And "Individual man is being remade as a faceless part of democracy, socialism, communism and fascism. Altho at variance in mood and practice, all modern political systems make for the same goal posts—how to run the world most conveniently for the crowd." And many people are "too weak to resist the tidal wave of education." If a few more splashes from that wave had hit Hecht, it might not have damaged him. And as for individuality, there is little of it in what I have

ıoted and paraphrased from among s many absolutistic generalizations. You keep wading thru this kind of dividuality from the mind and pen a militant individualist, recalling ur own adolescent self-assertiveness d remembering that you once knew ss than Hecht now knows, but you lked as big and you shocked people. nd all that this did was to give you cheap pseudo-sense of pleasure. And ddenly you come out of this pop- n fire of words and you read a good ecdote, you see that the author is a an who can be and sometimes is per- ptive, and you are held by well-done gnettes which are as effective as ere the sketches of *1001 Afternoons Chicago*. Hecht writes with warmth d love of his own family, his parents d aunts and uncles. He describes uchingly a scene when he went to ne with his parents and to tell them at he had left his first wife and was ing extra-maritally with another oman. Here convention was flouted d his parents were conventional ople. But how differently he handles e flouting of convention in recounting is scene from the way he does when flings out worn-down banalities of e twenties. He becomes a man of rception and senses his parents' feel- gs. Reading the scene, we know that e author is a man of talent and per- ption as well as one who often eaks of serious problems and serious ought with shallow cynicism.

OST INTERESTING in his autobiogra- y are the description of childhood enes in Racine, Wisconsin, of the thor's family and of his early news- per days in Chicago. He pens little rtraits of newspaper men and edi- rial offices, of himself as a working rnalist of *The Front Page* variety d of figures involved in the Chicago erary renaissance. He has unpleas- t anecdotes to tell of Sherwood nderson, and these do not give us a nse of all that was best and sensitive Anderson. His description of Boden- im is accurate but on the sentimental le. Different is his account of how rl Sandburg became a journalist, d his warm characterization of the e Henry Justin Smith. The latter is vealed as a most unusual managing itor. And there is also a sympathetic rtrait of Stanislas Szukalski, the ange and seemingly mad Polish lptor who lived in Chicago for ne years. If one can stand Hecht's pty pontificating or learn how to p it – as I could not do since I am iting of the book – then *A Child of Century* can offer some rewarding d interesting reading.

Hecht has much to say of New rk in the twenties, and of Holly- wood. He tells anecdotes, gossips about and draws characterizations of Hollywood, Broadway and New York literary figures. But Hecht loved Chicago and his accounts of his experiences and of his friends and acquaintances here are worth more than what he has to report on New York and Hollywood. The trappings of glamor shroud his comments and accounts of New York, Broadway and Hollywood. Sentimentality keeps seeping into the words of this hard-boiled reporter. He also describes two years of reporting in Germany immediately after the end of the first World War. But the equip ment of the young journalist and writer of *1001 Afternoons in Chicago* did not serve him well in understanding a society and nation torn by war and in the throes of a revolutionary situation. And reacting after the fact to Germans and Germany, because he is Jewish and because he was more than justifiably repelled and angered by the Nazi persecution and butchery of the German and Polish Jews, he gives a distorted and even flippant account of German events of 1919 and 1920. There is even crass vulgarity in an anecdote about Karl Liebknecht, the martyred German Socialist, who voted alone in the German Reichstag in 1914 against war credits for the Kaiser's government and who was murdered by reactionary German rightists.

Also, he has much to say of his experiences as a co-chairman of committees supporting Irgun, the Palestinian terrorist movement. He is contemptuous of all Jews who did not follow him in support of this movement. He was of considerable help to Irgun, but there is something romantic and quixotic about this venture into revolutionary politics, and there are blanket condemnations of a host of Jews and Gentiles from the late President Roosevelt down because they did not act in consonance with the Irgun program. In effect, he tells anecdotes which would put the stamp of anti-Semitism on Roosevelt. I cannot comment on the Palestinian situation because I am not sufficiently well-informed about it. But, just as extreme Irish nationalists and die-hards have sometimes convinced me that they are romantically rigid, so does Hecht make me suspicious of his soundness of judgment on the complicated Palestinian history of recent years.

He tells us of his swimming pool on his Nyack, New York estate, of the big money he made in Hollywood, of some of the parties he gave, and there are recurring sprinklings of comments on and anecdotes about love-life among the stars and in the bordello. This is not very interesting. At times, it reads much like a gossip column of another year.

ONE MAN he deeply admired was H. L. Mencken. He shares many of Mencken's attitudes but, while he is energetic, still there is none of the real Mencken gusto in his assaults on boobery. Also, Hecht has given no evidence of having read like Mencken. Thus Mencken's views are grounded on a more serious effort than Hecht's. Hecht's read like borrowed opinions.

Seen now and in the past of the twenties, Ben Hecht appears to me as a man of talent and of easy prejudices. He lacks any sound sense of values. And the twenties are over. Hecht cannot today stimulate youth in revolt. Today his own revolt is shallow, banal. He has seen and reported the grotesque and sordid, but this now appears on his pages as something too familiar. He writes: "Except for my relation to God, I have not changed in 40 years. [His earlier disbelief has been replaced by a rather warped, fatalistic kind of faith.] I have not become different as an adult." To me, it is a shame that a man of talent who has had as many opportunities in life as Hecht should be pleased to keep sitting on what he styles as his "Pedestal of Sameness." And this comes as a strange boast from a man who defends individuality and even rants against its destruction in our country. Iconoclasm can be as conventional as conventionality. And this child of the century now appears as a conforming or a conventional iconoclast. The "half-alive ones," the mob, the people drowned by "the tidal wave of education" – they have not changed, according to Hecht. But here is one of the not-half-alive; here is one of the alive ones and he does not give us a great outpouring of his aliveness. He says that he has not changed. He boasts and he is proud of his commonplace prejudices. Talent could be better used than it is here.

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In and Out of the House

by Don J. Anderson

Solar Houses for this Climate

"Living within a house wherein everything is genuine and harmonious, a new sense of freedom gives one a new sense of life — as contrasted with the usual existence in the house indiscriminately planned and where life is contained within a series of boxes . . ."

The home of the Erne R. Frueh family, Highland Park, faces south and the sun. Designed by Robert Bruce Tague in a U shape around a court, the house is constructed of warm redwood and brick on a 75 by 150 foot lot. Its 2,000 square feet of space is planned for a feeling of openness.

"A wall is an enclosure of space affording protection against storm or heat when needed. But — also it is to bring the outside world into the house and let the inside of the house go outside."

2

In this latitude the winter sun rises far south of east, makes its arc close to the horizon and sets south of west. In summer, the arching solar path is not as far south and during the day the sun is high overhead. In accordance, George Fred Kecht, Chicago architect, planned a south wall of glass with an overhanging roof — a wall that admits the low winter sunshine and a roof that bars the strong summer sun — for the Sigmund Kunstadler home in Highland Park. The top photograph shows the entrance, while the wide expanse of glass wall is evident in the lower view.

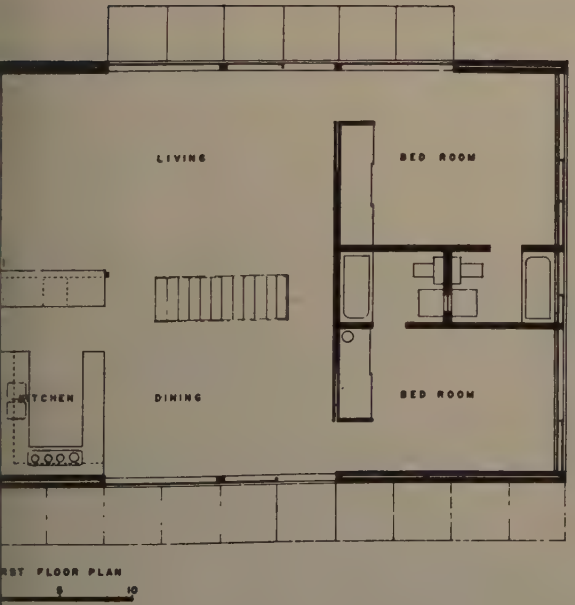
3

"We are no longer truly simple. We no longer live in simple terms, in simple times or places. Life is a more complex struggle now. It is now valiant to be simple; a courageous thing to even want to be simple. It is a spiritual thing to comprehend what simplicity means."

The Dr. William Welch home in Barrington was designed by Harry Weese, Chicago architect and engineer. Constructed of wood framing with exposed beams inside, the house has nine rooms, all of which, including the bedrooms, open onto terraces. Windows thruout are Thermopane, an insulating glass. Floors are slate, over radiant heating that provides effective warmth without waste.

A house should be "a natural performance, one that is integral to the life of the inhabitants."

Crombie Taylor was the architect for the Ross Dustin home in LaGrange. The interior is open, with the kitchen separated from the living and dining room areas by a counter and screen. The bedrooms, which can be shut off from the living-dining areas by sliding doors, have wide strip windows that insure privacy yet let in the winter sun. The master bedroom also has a floor-to-ceiling window that overlooks a garden.

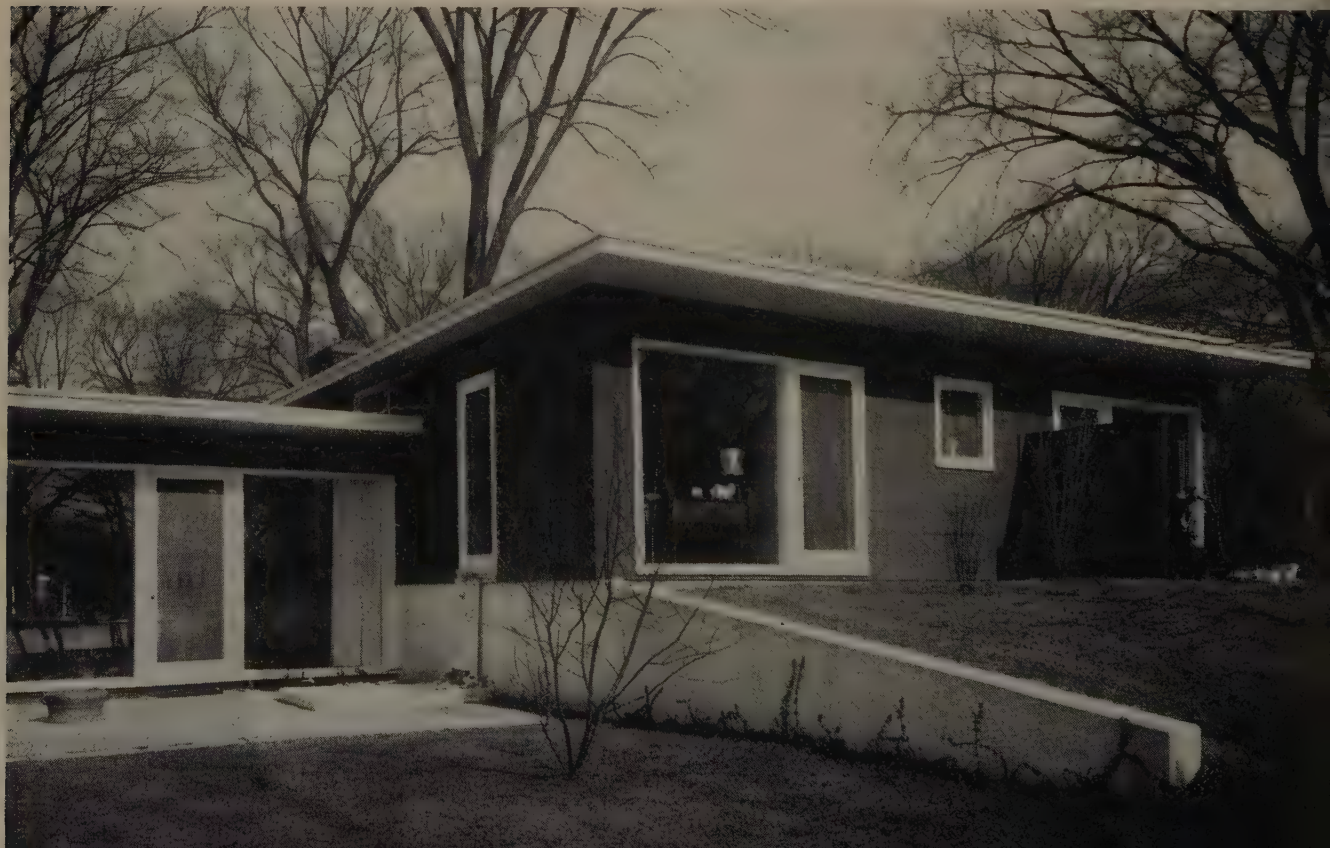


4

"Whether people are fully conscious of this or not, they actually derive countenance and sustenance from the 'atmosphere' of the things they live in or with."

5

Architect Walter Frazier of Geneva designed this house for himself on the banks of the Fox river. Tho comparatively small, it imparts a feeling of spaciousness thru use of large windows opening to the river vista. To the street the house presents a 50-foot wall of black-stained siding. In his plans Frazier followed the contour of the land, achieving a two-level home, in which all the rooms open upon small terraces. As accent notes he has used objects of classical tradition.



"Glass: a super material qualified to qualify us; qualify us not only to escape from the prettified cave of our present domestic life as also from the cave of our past, but competent actually to awaken in us the desire for such far-reaching simplicities of life as we may see in the clear countenance of nature."

6

In a wooded ravine in Highland Park sits an A. James Speyer house built for the Ben Rose family. The house is raised above the ground on steel supports, in harmony with the low branches and leaf masses that surround it. The north, street, wall is of solid cedar panels, while the other three walls are of glass. Flooring is natural cork, and white, sand-finish plaster is used for the walls and ceilings. The exposed framework is painted oak brown.

Quotations from Frank Lloyd Wright's "The Natural House," published by Horizon Press, 1954. Used by permission.

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It is noon and the stocks are rising.
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Where the world's corn, in little signals,
Shifts hands and prices, the brokers
Depart, as to the street of reckless La Salle
Lunch hour arrives. But they turn and stare

To perceive in the perilous traffic,
As spry as a boy, sure-stepping, quick,
A blind man led by a dog, and marvel
That the animal-directed blind can walk
The complex modern plank as well
As brokers can, that are sharp-eyed and dynamic.

In his ancient gloom, with a thin leash
Reaching out and hooking the world to his darkness,
I wonder— by what incommensurate dreams
Are we identified there, we whistles,
Hammers, horns, who trade on our names
And disappear down the wild street of La Salle?

The traffic surges in the lights and whistles.
And brokers, do not break your eyes on that agile
Tramp of the darkness. You too — you guiders
Of American dollars and diets — fish
Also in opaque water, and to all our ways our
Desperate hands hold by the barest leash.

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he Rise of Maud Martha

Gwendolyn Brooks

he pastor stood in the small area-
way, his coat on, and looked after
ladies carrying flowers and at the
ding casket (whose lid had been
d as quietly as possible, to avoid
ng the family), his hands together,
ing and unclosing behind him. It
impossible to tell just what he was
king. It could have been about the
of the deceased, or the quality of
casket, or death itself, or straw-
ies.

Maud Martha, the children, Mama
nd *his* mama — sat in the first car,
longest and shiny-blackest of the
black cars. They waited. Eventu-
the assistant at the funeral parlor
e to the end of his lists, all the
s were shut as if forever, the
ors made their little noise, and the
ral procession began.

Maud Martha had not seen him in
casket. No one had. For the casket
sealed beforehand. Banked upon
re flowers, fresh and barely fresh,
in front of it were wreaths, big
little and few.

hat the fire had done to the little
Paul. Exhaled at him. Teased
touched him, pleaded with him,
its swelling arms around him. It
what it desired. Of him and 30-
It was strange to think of — that
tcar (the new green model with
sealed windows — the "Green
et") after the collision with the
truck (INFLAMMABLE — in big white letters) standing there, patiently, while the invader ate at the flesh of 30-odd. It almost seemed as tho the streetcar might have done something, something to help itself and its little faint charges.

The women in the street. Would she ever forget the women? To think that women could turn into ripped-open wounds, and into sores that cankered before the eyes. Pretty women, begrimed, with stretching slits for mouths. Ugly women, grown almost beautiful in their grief. Herself. Herself, with nothing to feel but surprise.

This was what gripped her still. That, at that moment, thru the sick smoke, the boiling air above it, the strict stench, when the policeman lifted up the grimmest piece of cloth she had ever seen and exposed her husband — black with a more dreadful blackness than that which he had ever known and despised — hairless, eroded chin outthrust, and with never one more dream of sophistication remaining, all she could feel was a big surprise that this was happening to her.

A HIGH-SCHOOL GIRL with glossy braids coiled behind her ears and pretty clothes to sweeten the half-charm of her face, and books in one arm and a boy friend in the other, was standing just inside the curb, searching her eyes. The girl had been positively fascinated. Enjoying herself. Seeing Life. At school the next day: There was this hag. You should've seen her bending over what was left of her man. Maud Martha had thought, as she turned her gaze from the sight beneath her: Why should I envy her, that little girl. Her time is coming. There isn't a woman alive can hope to escape a something bad.

"He was sure a good boy," suddenly choked Paul's mother, "that he was, and whoever says no is a liar." She looked at Maud Martha, who looked straight ahead at the mole on the neck of the driver.

"Always a-laughin', and a-jokin', and a-makin' you feel good, that's what he was always a-doin'," went on Mrs. Phillips, "and when I think of him on that streetcar, screamin', and tryin' to dodge the fire, and burnin' up alive, I could just — oh, I could just —"

Here, what Mrs. Phillips could just do, she did, and with such energy that the man with the mole jumped, and for a moment the car slowed down. Mrs. Phillips reached over and, wiping her wet face with one hand, patted Maud

Martha's knee with the other. "Nobody can say you didn't do pretty good by my boy," she declared. "You didn't fix him hot meals all the time. They should be hot enough so that the steam rises up thru his nostrils. That's what makes for a healthy man. And I always thought it wouldn't have hurt you to get a little job, to help out, and left them little ones with Paulette, wouldn't have hurt her to miss a year or two out of school —"

"Paulette being ten," interrupted Maud Martha, "the Board of Education mightn't have liked it."

"But take her all in all, Mrs. Brown," went on Mrs. Phillips, directing her eye-swords at Maud Martha's mother, "she did about as well as most of these young gals." Belva Brown said nothing. She did part her lips. But she snapped them shut again.

"Now, Maudie," said Mrs. Phillips, "now, Maudie, you know I want to see those children. They're mine just as much as they're your mother's. I want you to bring them to see their grandmother every few days. Do you understand?"

"I understand," said Maud Martha.

But she was listening only a little, because there was something else she was about to begin to understand. It was fuzzy, she could not yet see it properly, or properly finger it. But a hint nudged her, promised her that very soon a reality more horrible than that fact of her first surprise would establish itself, would command her recognition.

THE HINT got larger, louder, more palpable. By the time they stood beside the grave, she had it by the hand and it talked to her. It was willing to tell her what was cold and rude.

It told her this: When you love a man, he becomes more than a body. His physical limits expand, his outlines recede, vanish. Suddenly he has no bowels, his eliminatory functions seem unimportant or beautiful. He is rich and sweet and right. He is part of the world, the atmosphere, the blue sky and the blue water. If he happens to be dead, he is still what you love, and your big pity is for yourself, not for him.

It told her this — that for her now, none of this was true.

At what point it had all stopped being true she did not know. Perhaps when vicissitudes were no longer a[d]ventures but only vicissitudes. Perha[ps] when he had made her feel like [a] pumpkin for the least little minute to[o] long. She could not locate that litt[le] minute. She had been feeling like [a] pumpkin for a very long time.

HER PITY was all for him. He, wh[o] had so loved physical beauty, in th[e] end a fire-used, repulsive thing.

But for herself (she did not think[k] of groceries, she did not think, as ye[t] of a certain, old, child-helplessness [in] the eyes) — why, she could actuall[y] feel herself rising. She felt higher an[d] more like a citizen of America.

A road was again clean before he[r]. She held the destinies of herself an[d] of her children in her individua[l] power. It was up to her.

Down and down they sent her Pau[l]. The relatives, for some time worried, looked on her with approval at las[t]. For she was crying.

Crying because she could not sto[p] herself from thinking about the after[-] funeral white cake that waited in he[r] mother's home.

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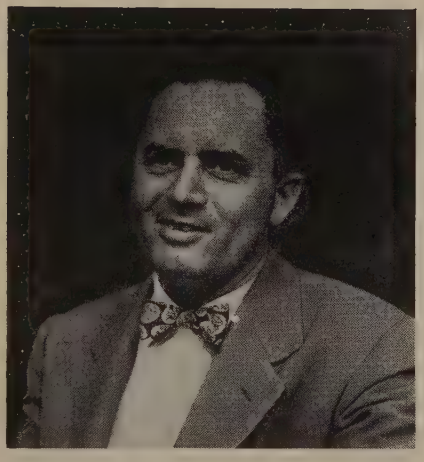
Bergen Evans: Cherub Who Likes to Set Things Straight

Beverly Fields



Once a week a large number of Americans is to be found in front television sets watching Bergen ans, professor of English literature Northwestern university, play a lor game.

I never played a parlor game be- in my life," he said one day ly, "but when the show gets go- I enjoy it."

The show is *Down You Go* and the ne is television's version of "Hang- n," the purpose of which is to put ers into blank spaces that, with k, will turn out to be a word or ase. The game is played by what come to be known in the tele- ion world as a panel.

There is limited fascination in tching people, however charming, ing to guess letters of the alphabet. e spark that sends the rating up is the game, but the variation, which s Evans' idea. After the phrase is hed on the screen where the audi- e can see it but the panel can't, ans reads a clue that may or may help the panel, but nearly always ngs a laugh from the audience.

The clues range from corny puns to borate word play. For instance, the ase to be guessed might be "back circulation," to which the clue ld be "rear view of a hula dancer." the phrase might be "on the psy- atrist's couch," which would bring h from Evans " a lying position in which one is prone to tell the truth."

Rumor has had it that Evans maintains a stable of writers to turn out these quips, and he wishes it were true. Actually, for the past three years, he has written ten or more a day and has accumulated a stockpile of several thousand to match the phrases that are sent to the network by people who watch the show.

No doubt thousands of these people regard him as a perennial party guest, irresistably drawn to the gay pursuit of fun and games. The truth is otherwise. Outside of camera range, he has nothing to do with parlor games and avoids all the social commitments he can, in favor of his work.

Down You Go, for which he now commutes by air to New York, along with occasional guest appearances on radio and other television shows, takes up the slack left by his duties as university professor, public lecturer and author of books and articles. During the past year he has published, besides a number of articles, two books in three months — *The World, the Flesh and H. Allen Smith* and *The Spoor of Spooks,* a sequel to *The Natural History of Nonsense* which was brought out in 1946. Right now he is on leave from the university, but the leisure this brings him is pretty skimpy, since its purpose is to permit him to work on his forthcoming *Dictionary of Contemporary American Usage,* which he is writing in collaboration with his sister, Cornelia Evans Goodhue.

The essence of his personality may be said to be paradox; pigeon-holes were not designed for him. He has written learnedly of Sam Johnson and Wordsworth in the *American Oxonian* and the *Review of English Studies,* but he has also turned his mind to George Ade. He has written serious short stories for *Scribner's* and the *Atlantic Monthly,* but in 1939 he sold a detective novel that was serialized in the Toronto *Star Weekly.*

His major preoccupation is with the intrusion of reason into the swampy regions of superstition and misinformation. It leads him toward a variety of interests ranging from Robert Burton's observations on melancholy, about which he has written a book (*The Psychiatry of Robert Burton,* Columbia University Press, 1944), thru the origins and nature of humor, to the belief that oysters are poisonous in the months whose names do not

have an *r* in them. If he has a compulsion, it is to set things straight.

A few years ago, when the Northwestern university daily newspaper asked professors to submit for publication the quotations they live by, Evans gave these: in infancy, King Lear's "Let me stay not a jot for dinner;" as a schoolboy, Homer's "The belly is a shameless thing," in late adolescence and early manhood, the Wyf of Bath's "Allas that ever love were sinne!" and of late years, Iago's "Put money in thy purse." He concluded by saying, "On a gray November day when 'the burden of this weary and unintelligible world' is heightened by questionnaires, one thinks of answering editors according to their queries and moans with Chaucer, 'Allas the day that ever I was bore.'"

NO ONE CAN SAY that Evans encourages familiarity. Convinced, according to his own statement, that "man is a dangerous animal," he confines his associations to tested friends, and is not eager to make new ones. But while he professes aloofness from the crowd, there is no doubt that its approval pleases him.

"This television business," he said, "brings you a kind of fame and notoriety, but you find yourself strangely detached from it."

Actually, he is about as detached from the noises of fame as a young mother from her first infant's squalls of hunger, altho his response is considerably less loving. Whereas the young mother speeds a soothing libation, Evans considers tacking over his office door the motto of an unnamed French botanist:

"Those who come to see me do me an honor; those who do not, do me a favor."

But he only considers it; he doesn't lock his door against the world, altho he does equip it with a good strong alarm. Visitors to his office in Northwestern's University hall are confronted by a ribbon of paper that actually does hang over the door, bearing an inscription from Shakespeare's tomb: "Good friend for Iesus sake forbeare," and a moment later by a bold black and white wall placard: NO SMOKING.

He lives with his wife, Jean, and his sons, 11-year-old Derek and 8-year-old Scott, in a white brick and clapboard house in a Northfield lane whose entrance is easily missed from the highway. Surrounded by a peaceful acreage, he is safely protected from people, who, he says, keep picking him out of crowds since his television programs have made him a familiar figure.

"It opens a depth of humility I don't have," he said. "Taxi drivers, stewardesses — all sorts of people. They always recognize my voice first." It is a voice to recognize: almost a boy soprano.

THERE IS EVEN something cherubic about his face, with the dimpled chin and full lips, but this quality is strongly offset by the dark, opaque eyes that look rather sternly, seeming to see outward and inward at once.

As a conversationalist Evans is alive with anecdote, incident, literary allusion and memoir.

One of his pet subjects, which provides some lively digressions even in the classroom, is autobiography. For instance, he likes to trace his devotion to literature to his mother's typewriter.

"Mama was always writing stories and poems on her Oliver typewriter and occasionally sold them to *St. Nicholas* or *Good Housekeeping*. My sisters and brothers and I were all going to be writers, like Mama. She was full of literary dreams that never fruited and never pulled us out of poverty."

Poverty was apparently strongly present in his childhood. He was born in 1904 in Franklin, Ohio, a paper mill town that then had a population of about 2,000, where four generations of Evans men, up to and including his father, had practiced medicine.

"Great-grandfather had managed to make a fair amount of money, but lost it all in the depression of '93. So we were sort of dwindling big fish in a little pond. That sort of thing is a good beginning in life — it stings you early with pride and resentments and provides you with a source of drive and a motive for power."

His mother was a typist who came from the neighboring town of Blanchester and married his father against the wishes of his father's family, who constituted the village aristocracy. When they married, "Grandfather sort of pensioned Papa off — gave him a bare minimum living and turned over his non-paying patients."

In 1909, when Evans was five, his father applied for and got a vice-consulship in Sheffield, England.

"Papa's family was agin it. They couldn't understand why anyone in his right mind would throw up the practice of medicine to take a clerkship in another country. In 1909 Tasmania was not any more remote from Chicago than England was from Franklin, Ohio. Nobody had ever heard of Sheffield."

In England the family lived for six years on the Derbyshire moors — immense, sweeping, desolate country where he and his brothers and sisters roamed freely, barefoot on the heather that was sweet-smelling and springy like a mattress, or swam in a sheet wash on wings made out of inflated pig's bladders.

THE SCHOOL IN Sheffield was like a stone penitentiary — grim, dark and brutal, and offered no protection against the bullying of small boys by older ones. Six-year-old Bergen was practiced in receiving such punishment; his brother Dick, only a year older but big for his age, routinely assaulted him. Bergen put up an intermittent defense, but was really outclassed in the struggle.

"Dick was responsible for a big share in shaping my life. I hate to be pushed around."

The Sheffield adventure, however, was far from successful. In 1915 Bergen's mother became ill with tuberculosis and took to her bed. Life got very dark for the Evans family, as war had broken out and the consular clerkship failed to provide enough money even for adequate food. In January of that year, the senior Evans shipped his five children alone back to the United States to be cared for by their great-aunt Cornelia in Franklin.

Aunt Cornelia was 60, childless, pious and domineering, married to a man with a white beard, parted down the middle, who looked like Charles Evans Hughes. Weighed down by the responsibilty of her Charles Addams mansard roof house, she nevertheless opened its doors to Cornelia, 14, Dick, 12, Bergen, 11, Alice, 8, and Blancette, 3, who all grew up assuming she was miserly because she never told them she was poor.

They lived in the shadows of vanished family glory and of aunt Cornelia's Presbyterianism, which was grim but logically impeccable. She understood her religion thoroly; she knew what Calvin had said on every point, why hell was paved with infant skulls and that God had plainly instructed Moses, "Thou shalt not spend a nickel."

"She tried to make good Presbyterians out of us, but we had long ago declared war on adults." They were, for that matter, also pretty steadily involved in internecine strife. Bergen and his sister Cornelia were constantly at war with Dick and Alice, making peace only when the four of them ganged up on Blancette, who was their great-aunt's favorite.

In November of 1931 *Scribner's* magazine published *The Cloud of Witnesses*, a novella by Bergen's sister, Cornelia. It is a singularly evocative account of childhood with aunt Cornelia, dark with oppressive ancestor worship and the constant struggle against besetting sins. It is re-

kable that in this novella Cornelia, le she courted verisimilitude to the t of not troubling to change most he family names, dispensed com-ely with the existence of her broth-and sisters. In so easily polishing n off, she differs from Bergen, , altho he has written nothing au-ographical, alludes frequently to siblings in his conversation.

f aunt Cornelia he says, "She Thackeray, *Pilgrim's Progress* Dickens. She was self-educated, her literary taste was high for desolate village. She had her standards, which she regarded he only ones.

We were always outcasts, because neighbors knew that we knew we e better. We were told that we e God's chosen people, the elect. were poor, outcast and bitter, but salt of the earth. We took refuge gibing, making fun of other peo-s values. But we never really red aunt Cornelia's inner values. o we were made to read the Bible n once a year for five years.

There was a certain dramatic dig-to be in the battle of the elect inst ordinary people. Moderns t wrestle with the intricacies of sbyterianism. We disregarded the mises, as aunt Cornelia never did, simply believed there was a super k who would let you have it."

AUNT CORNELIA was very frugal, Evans children were always keen a nickel. Bergen once worked for inister who would have paid a ten cents an hour but only paid five, as a boy was only to be sidered half a man. At another e he drove a bakery wagon. Since didn't know how to harness a horse his brother Dick did, Bergen paid a kickback to do it for him.

was while driving the bakery on that Bergen sustained what he "a great moral shock." He had rited the job from a boy named ry, the village cutup, a glittering g man who knew all the answers. as a great thing to have Harry's -off job. Harry was riding in the on with him one day when the ear-old horse was frightened by a In the wagon were some bread cost five cents a loaf and a small ber of little iced cakes, at ten s apiece, that they never expected ell because they were so expens-Harry picked up one of the ten-cent cakes and hit the dog in head with it. "I was overcome by absolute splendor of that gesture, its utter disregard of everything d been taught."

1924, having received a B.A. at ni university, Oxford, Ohio, he went to Harvard for an M.A. and then returned to Miami to teach in the English department for three years. A Rhodes scholarship took him to Oxford university, where he earned a B. Litt. in 1930, coming back to Harvard for a Ph. D. which he got in 1932, the year in which he joined the faculty of Northwestern university.

Some time ago, as the guest of Clifton Fadiman on the radio program *Conversation,* Evans took part in a discussion concerning the pleasures of life and mentioned "the immediate pleasures to be had from teaching." One of these, he said, is the immense satisfaction of observing one understanding and responsive face among many students. This remark moved him, as his remarks frequently do, to nostalgia, and he recalled having studied under Kittredge, a renowned Shakespeare scholar, at Harvard.

"*There* was a man," he said. "What an actor! Compared to him, Barrymore was nothing – a poor, shambling nonentity. And I, a country rube of a breed now long extinct, was impressed by him in just such a way as he must have meant me to be."

It is clearly an image that he has kept steadily before him thru the years.

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A Supper Club with Supper

Richard Dunlop

eft brown fingers flip a sirloin steak over the charcoal, dish up wild rice, turn down the fire under succulent asparagus. Quick, sneak- feet hurry on the scrubbed deck rds.

he chefs, Vincent Lalnes and Don an, are cooking with headlong ision. The crowd in the Black Or- is a big one, and the supper club's nted service depends on them.

The floor show is about to start. don't you come back to your e?"

ut the best show is in the kitchen. es grins as he plucks four Rock ish game hens from the refrigera- He splits them and swabs them melted butter.

he maitre d'hotel, David Falzone, s at the fowl with smiling satis- ion. "They're descendants of Ma- n fighting cocks, and a fellow s them out at Mundelein. All e meat!"

alnes thrusts the hens into a blis- g, 450-degree oven. None of the , low-heat, home-style cooking. t would dry out the delicate meat. Lalnes is off in a hectic shuffle to the prime steaks moving toward hungry diners. Then he takes ken stock and judiciously adds to create a rich brown gravy. He shes Kitchen Bouquet into the l, and adds orange juice, the ed rind of half an orange, currant and marsala wine. He salts and peppers and the sauce is ready for the hens.

Eight minutes from the time the birds went into the oven they are turned. Lalnes scoops more melted butter over them. Seven minutes more and out they come. The aroma is tantalizing as the chef cradles the birds on a nest of wild rice.

"Oh, there are variations," Falzone says. "Try sliced mushrooms in the sauce. Or scallions or cloves or parsley."

Back at the table the plaid-coated waiter serves the specialty of the Black Orchid. The hens taste even better than they smelled. With a bottle of white barsac to accentuate the rare delicate flavor, the meal is something worth a gourmet's exacting attention.

Entertainment is provided every 20 minutes. There's no glut of acts, followed by a long drought. Such people as Robert Clary, Nino Nanni, Tito Guizar, Josh White or Harry Belafonte are on for 15, 20 or 30 minutes. Then there is a brief respite. Albert Dekker and John Carradine have given dramatic readings, and Burl Ives has sung his folk songs. The shows are offbeat, fresh and sprightly.

There is something strange about the Black Orchid, tho. Here is a supper club where it literally is true that excellent as the entertainers may be, the real show emanates from the kitchen. This repudiates previous experience with supper clubs. In fact, it may even suggest that the Black Orchid is not a supper club at all.

Experience has furnished a ready definition of a supper club, which leaves the Black Orchid out. A supper club may be defined as a room where people sit cheek by jowl and eat expensive but mediocre food poorly served, while waiting to see a show which may be anything from fascinating entertainment to a wearisome bore.

The Black Orchid claims to be a supper club, but it doesn't live up to the definition, and anyone familiar with the clubs of New York, Paris or any cosmopolitan city would scoff at its droll pretension. After all, those memorable Rock Cornish hens alone disqualify the Orchid. Moreover, for some curious reason its owners, Al Greenfield and his wife, Gertrude Niesen, have neglected to set their prices unreasonably high. And it's possible to spend an evening there without being elbowed by the captain of waiters escorting still more guests to a table.

As might be expected, it is like Chicago to cherish this anomalous spot, which opened just two years ago this month.

One man who insists that the Black Orchid, despite all its obvious shortcomings, is nevertheless a supper club is Benny Dunn, the manager.

"Why, of course we're a supper club," he declares. "But we listen to our guests, and if somebody comes up to us and says, 'you ought to try and book a fellow I heard out in San Francisco last week,' we don't just smile and listen politely. We make a note of the entertainer's name, and we get a line on him to see if he'd be right for our room.

"And we hold our own auditions. A kid came in and we liked his voice. We gave him his first chance. He was Tommy Leonetti, and he's gone right to the top."

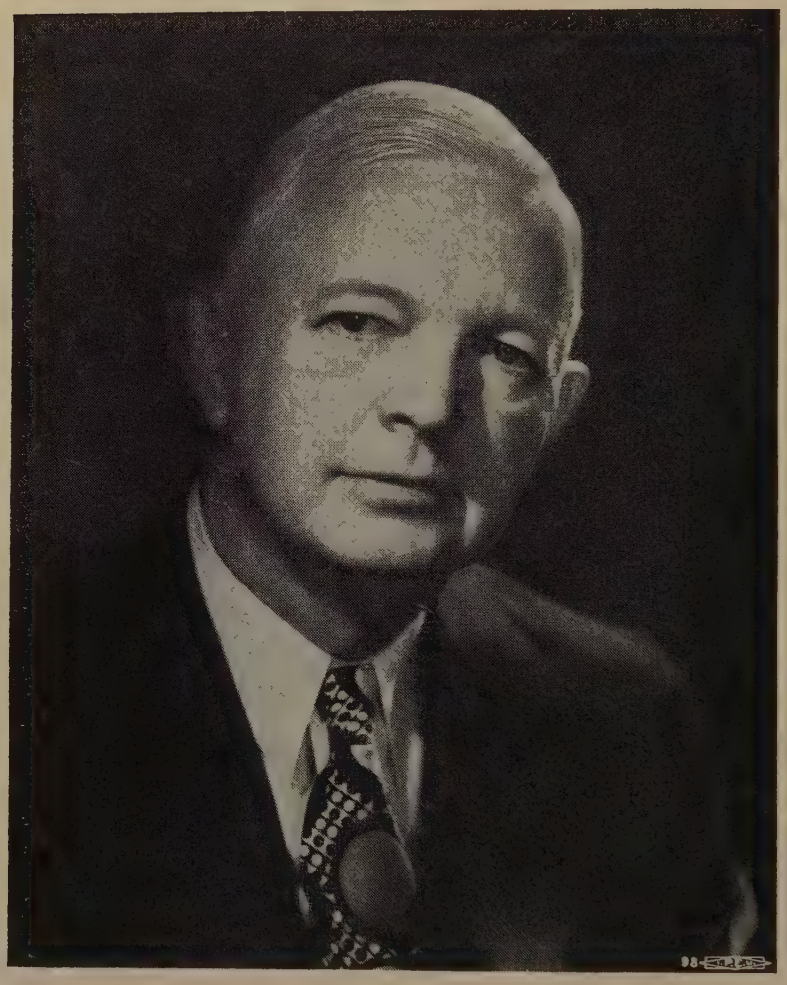
Behind the bar, Max Olshon smiles slightly as he reaches into his keep and takes out two black orchids and hands them to some women.

"The only place in the world where black orchids grow is behind our bar," says Falzone.

drawing by John Fink

A Message to Civic-Minded **Republicans**

Those of you...and there are many...who want



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must remember this: if you don't vote for him in the Primary February 22, you may not have a chance to vote for him in the Election in April.

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Mummery on the Midway

by Marian Satterthwaite Carnovsky

yde Park has long been a breed- ing place for neighborhood dis- ion groups, literary clubs and sim- forms of serious entertainment. in number and tenacity, the play- ing groups must be unique. Ama- playreading has been a local nomenon in that South Side com- ity for upwards of 30 years, in- ing the monthly meetings of six attended groups, and lately strik- sparks in other parts of the city e new young groups have begun ld fireside entertainment of read- plays aloud.

he South Side pioneers are *Play ers* and *Quadrangle Players,* both hich started up in the middle ties; *37 Players* and *Motley Mum-* began in 1937; *Midway Players* born in 1942; and the second p to call itself *Play Readers* started 948. Each has acquired its own *t de corps:* some lean toward ex- nce, one guards closely its halls- stamp, but all spend one Sunday ng a month at this time honored of amusement.

sts and producers for the coming n are lined up at the last spring st fall meeting when an officer or may be elected as well, to serve r, a decade, or unto death. An- dues are usually a dollar a mem- r nothing.

e producer chooses the play, h is usually read in someone's room. A non-existent curtain up at eight to an audience of 30 members seated on rows of d chairs and it comes down at or 10:00 on anything from *Curse Jack Dalton!, Erasmus Montanus, he Cocktail Party,* to *The Four Poster* staged by the Meyer Kestn- baums in their own large bedroom. In some groups stage directions are followed by readers in partial or complete costume; in others the cast remains seated, in street clothes.

The productions may be as moving, as exciting, tragic, or farcical as the same plays professionally performed, and some say more so. The playreader who tells you he saw a play in the Loop but "liked the way we did it better" is only half-joking. If he read a part in the play himself, he wasn't joking at all.

Few playreaders have even the memory of college dramatic triumphs to steady them on a first night before an audience two feet away. But they learn. One wonders, for example, about the quiet woman suddenly confronted with Catherine the Great. Before she startled her peers with a reading fondly recalled for "*extreme* vitality" she must have learned much about Catherine, about that early Shaw play, and more about herself than she could possibly learn as a play-goer sitting anonymously in the dark on center aisle.

EXPERIENCED AUDIENCES are willing to accept a Salome in harlequin glasses when the group's real *femme fatale* happens to be too inhibited a reader, or Becky Sharp in a stylish-stout, and they don't seriously object to middle-age juveniles. On the contrary, Frederic Woodward, University of Chicago vice-president at the time, was the *Quadrangle Players'* juvenile for years. One group did rule out a juvenile mustache but normally such incongruities are ignored or, if that is impossible, then they are enjoyed.

One of the oldest groups, the *Play Readers,* grew out of the hospitality of a Hyde Park hostess who until her marriage never saw a play. "I was not allowed to go to the theater. But I read many plays." And so in the middle twenties at evening parties in her home, Mrs. J. Gordon Wilson sometimes passed around copies of a play she liked — *Alice-Sit-by-the-Fire* was the first — for impromptu reading. "Mrs. Gordon's group" was soon meeting monthly and still does. How and when it became the *Play Readers* no one now recalls.

A list of its charter members, with their wives, is a partial roster of the University of Chicago in its brilliant opening years: Edwin O. Jordan who had recently discovered what now seems obvious, that running water purifies itself . . . Shailer Matthews, theologian who "brought down the house" as Bishop of Broadminster in *The Bishop Misbehaves* . . . Dr. Basil Harvey, first dean of medical students, whose clipped Canadian speech has caused much merriment in some roles . . . James Harvey Breasted, ranking Egyptologist of his time and the group's best Dodsworth . . . and American historian Andrew C. McLaughlin.

TO THAT GENERATION, reading aloud was a pleasurable end in itself. Unconcerned with theatrical trappings, they read their plays from a semi-circle of facing chairs, a practice latter-day *Readers* see no good reason to change. Along with the rest of their day, they inclined toward classical plays and bookish playwrights among

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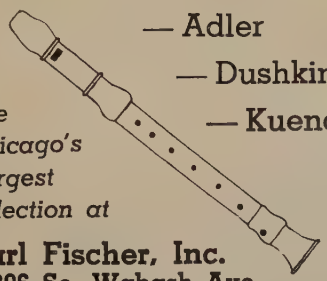

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the moderns: Ibsen, Barrie, Galsworthy, Shaw, with Shakespeare often.

They read much light comedy nowadays, with plays of ideas such as *The Cocktail Party* now and then. The reading of that play was an evening unique in *Play Readers* annals, for that Sunday night the playwright himself read the role of Dr. Henry Harcourt-Reilly, the psychiatrist.

T. S. Eliot was lecturing at the university in the winter of 1952 when economic historian John U. Nef and Mrs. Nef produced the play, with Orientalist Gustavus F. Swift jr. and Mrs. Swift as hosts. The evening went off with *eclat* in spite of the hosts' baby sitter, a student too enthralled by Eliot to leave her perch on the stairs. It was an industrial relations expert who caught his hostess' trapped look from her place in the cast and, slipping upstairs past the baby sitter, got three children back into bed. The group made no concession even to this occasion: the great poet read from his place among the chairs, and nobody moved about, whatever Eliot's own stage directions might say.

Other groups adopt similar austerity on occasion, usually for poetic plays whose best characters are their words. *The Lady's Not For Burning* of Christopher Fry was so read, and also *Under Milk Wood*, the Dylan Thomas radio play with its wry Welsh blend of wit, ribaldry and compassion.

But most playreaders like to dress the part a bit: gilt paper on coat-buttons of dark-suited men, identifying them as ship's officers; a feather boa, and lipstick and rouge applied with indiscretion, to transform a youngish matron into a first-class Edwardian trollop; wing collar and waxed mustache to turn a Midwesterner into a Midwesterner's notion of a French man-of-affairs. Occasionally something has to be rented: the *papier-mache* head for Androcles' lion for example, to top off a business suit with homemade tail attached, or the preaching coat of a forgotten circuit-rider, turning La Salle street's Leston Nay into a grave Egyptian doctor for Shaw's *The Millionairess*.

The *Quadrangle Players* were first to go beyond the *Play Readers*' simplicity. They were a younger group, with theatrical *elan*. Several women had the stage presence of trained singers, French Professor Robert Merrill also sang well and knew the Gilbert and Sullivan patter songs by heart besides, making him a natural when this group "read" *Patience* and *Yeomen of the Guard*. Frank O'Hara was already directing college dramatics, Phyllis Horton was well-known to little theater audiences, and many thought that Professor Henri David belonged not in the French department at all but on the French stage. This is the one group to send out an offshoot within Hyde Park.

37 Players grew from guest readings of younger roles by the John B. Allen's son-in-law and daughter of English Professor and Mrs. James Weber Linn, both of whom "read to great effect" in the thirties. The young Allens formed their own group in 1937 with 35 contemporaries, to become the *37 Players* that now number 65.

CENSORSHIP has never seriously bothered any group. Where it may be said to exist it is one generation's deference to another's reserve, or a tactful detour around some long-established member known to have a low boiling point. One group used to delete all references to bedroom or bath; even today *The Seven Year Itch* and *A Streetcar Named Desire* bring pain to some quarters, and Poussin's *Little Hut* is ruled out by one group as "quite unsuitable." Yet another group laughed itself silly at the sight of an insurance broker, father of three, transformed into a noble savage by a bearskin rug, chasing an agile, goodlooking faculty wife in and out of the same little hut. As for the *Motley Mummers*, they never dreamed of not taking their Shakespeare straight.

Censorship on the outside, however, brought one group into being, with Mayor Kennelly and Police Commissioner John Prendergast as unwitting midwives. In 1948, they were supporting Police Captain H. A. Fulmer's ban on *The Respectful Prostitute*, then concluding its respectable New York run, with Midwest bookings to follow a scheduled Chicago run.

"Who is this author Sartre?" Captain Fulmer wanted to know. The play did not run in Chicago.

Lawyer and civil libertarian Leon Despres got hold of copies of the play, invited some friends in and another playreading group was born, the second *Play Readers*.

It is a group much interested in rarely produced and classical plays, and one that prefers an evening consistent thruout. To provide it, they go to lengths that might unhinge a lesser group.

These people read *Measure for Measure* in full regalia against a Renaissance street scene that versatile Dr. Lawrence Jacques painted on a folding screen, Elizabethan airs were played on recorders at appropriate moments thruout the play, and refreshments were marzipan, Elizabethan gingerbread and ale. After *Iphigenia in Aulis* it was Greek olives, goat cheese and baklava with coffee.

Amateur as all these groups are, one

s had its standing challenged. *Quad-*
gle Players remember Cousin Eve,
ir devoted Chicago *Tribune* ad-
rer, and how close she brought
m to a hassle with the law.
In the spring of 1938 Maxwell
derson's *Wingless Victory* was read
re, and Cousin Eve came. She was
rmed.
"The audience was in tears!" she
orted back to next Sunday's readers.
d she stopped there, all might have
n well. But she chattered on. "Go-
to see these *Quadrangle Players*
the University of Chicago sector
es me money. Once one has seen
se clever amateurs do a new play,
office is out as far as I am con-
ned. When Katherine Cornell comes
ng in *The Wingless Victory* I shall
calm."
No one else was. Protests poured in
the clever amateurs, the most in-
nant from Miss Cornell herself.
ert O. Hopkins, whose wife's read-
of Oparre's lines had so reduced
audience to tears, needed all his
lomacy and considerable legal tal-
ts to soothe Miss Cornell and to
vince the publishers of the strictly
ateur status of all of Hyde Park's
reading groups.
Outwardly at least, little has ruffled
playreading groups for some time,
ond such perennial headaches as
ing to it that all members are cast
n enough to retain interest. In
e of ups and downs and occasional
sons "when we sagged," the groups
tinue to flourish, taking new mem-
s periodically.

HYDE PARK the seed appears to
e fallen on perfect ground. Small-
n folksiness combines there with
-city tastes, a university communi-
relative freedom of pressures from
Joneses, and its preference for
ple diversions. These are sociable
ups without being at all like social
bs. Small honor attaches to what
es there are and with few ex-
tions the individual members de-
cide all that matters: the play, and who will read it.

A departure from the pattern was the *Motley Mummers*, inaugurated by George W. Murray, New England editor now, but a graduate student in English then, and William J. Mather, university bursar at the time. Mr. and Mrs. Murray returned east a year or two after the *Mummers* began in 1937, and Colonel Mather was recalled to active service in 1941. The Murrays and the Mathers were mainstays of a group apparently not yet well enough established to survive their loss, especially in war years.

More's the pity, for their short career was distinguished. In four seasons the *Mummers* had read all of Shakespeare's plays, re-read some of them, and gone afield for *The Knight of the Burning Pestle, Cyrano, Family Portrait* and Milton's *Comus*, which pastoral lines were appropriately read out-of-doors at the Ogden Dunes home of geographer Robert S. Platt. They read *A Midsummer Night's Dream* in a "bosky little dell" belonging to the Marc T. Neilsons, well-known for their part in the Shakespeare abridgments performed in the Globe theater of the Century of Progress.

How it is that busy men and women find time for such indoor sport in so highly organized a community no one seems to know. If the psychological phenomenon of group therapy is here at work, the beneficiaries seem blissfully unaware. This goes for the poet-theologian delighting even his wife with a smash-hit as a dictator, for the highly-placed university official in the sly-fox role of a Chinese ruler — "reading himself" grumbled a colleague — and for the young mother finding that it does her a world of good to be a nasty teen-ager herself for a change.

One poker-face says playreading is easier than serious conversation. Another calls it exhibitionism, adding, "I like it." But most, when asked why they like to read plays, think it over and reply, "It's fun."

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CHICAGO NATIONAL BOAT SHOW

The Onion Patch

by Alan Whitney

No matter which Democrats win, all signs point to the most divert- municipal election since the estab- ument of the Bridgeport dynasty 22 rs ago, with new records for nge bedfellowships being estab- ed daily.

The contestants include Democratic anization Democrats, Democrats o have left the Democratic organi- ion, Democrats who have been left the Democratic organization, and mocrats who have left the Demo- tic organization and taken up with Republican organization.

Dick Daley, the leader of the Demo- tic organization Democrats, has two aracteristics which have belonged to ry mayor of Chicago since 1933. e Ed Kelly, who had the job until 47, and Martin Kennelly, who has d it ever since, Daley is Irish and s born in Bridgeport.

Unlike Kelly and Kennelly, Daley er left that Southwest Side area, l may therefore have a stronger im to whatever political magic the erable community imparts. How- r, Kennelly, who seems quite un- ling to pass on his scepter even to fellow Bridgeporter, possesses an in the hole. The latter is William Flynn, city public vehicle license mmissioner and a political lieuten- of Frank Keenan, who is Kennel- campaign manager. Flynn is called e barefoot boy from Pitney court" remembrance of his birth on that ute street off Archer avenue, and regarded around the wards as a agon of Bridgeportian character.

Daley's supporters include Adlai venson, Paul Douglas, Artie Elrod Paddy Bauler. This may seem like strange assortment for anybody's tical fourposter, but a peek under nelly's counterpane shows an even plausible group of *ad hoc* allies. or one thing, the mayor has en- d the support of all four metropoli- newspapers. There are those who eve the papers have ethics they en't even used yet, and that at t two of the dailies want Kennelly inated by the Democrats on the s that he would not be the strong- possible candidate.

n any case, the theme has run sistently thru all the editorial col- ns that the Democrats are dumping Great White Father in order to up lost graft and patronage. With- trying to assess the relative impor- tance of this motive it seems that another one certainly ought to be ad- mitted. Traditionally, organized labor, Negroes and liberal intellectuals have been among the three most faithful group supporters of urban Democracy. Leaders of each of these blocs made it very clear that they would not sup- port Kennelly for reelection. Under the circumstances it seems a little un- fair to accuse the party leadership of being guided solely by a desire to get its fingers back in the corporate pie.

If the journalists on the mayor's team are uncomfortable under one blanket, so must be his political ad- vocates. These include chief strategist Keenan, who is one of the slickest professional politicians around, and Morris B. Sachs, the mayor's candidate for city treasurer, who surely must rank as the king of the amateurs. Then there are Roger Faherty, a Republican with granite ribs, and Tom Garry, a Democrat of similar skeleton who made himself famous at the 1940 Democratic convention as "The Voice from the Sewer."

Ben Adamowski, the third candidate in the Democratic primary, is gener- ally thought to have the least chance of being nominated. However, there are those who believe the Poles are about ready to rebel against Irish domination of the party, and that the split between Daley and Kennelly might encourage penetration of the Hibernian bastions. Another body of opinion says Adamowski will with- draw from the fray at the last minute and throw his support to Daley. Hav- ing quit the Kennelly administration in anger, Adamowski is said to be less favorably disposed toward the mayor than toward Daley. In fact, if the regulars begin to feel that Kennelly is running a strong race, they might offer a good spot to Adamowski in order to get him out of the picture. However, the *Sun-Times* has warned him pretty solemnly that he mustn't withdraw.

With the Democrat-Democrats bray- ing loudly at each other, Bob Merriam, the Republican-Democrat, is riding smoothly in his unaccustomed position atop the elephant. The GOP primary finds him in the enviable situation of having less competition than the Shu- berts.

The large array of dissident Demo- crats involved in this election requires some explanation, and it may have been implicit in the maneuvering about the chairmanship of the roads committee of the county board. This incident seemed to indicate that the members of the party's central com- mittee just aren't polite.

It will be recalled that Commissioner Elrod was made chairman of the com- mittee, but then quickly deposed when Dan Ryan, president of the board, was "informed" by the papers that Elrod had allegedly been amiable with malefactors in the past. Now Ryan and Elrod have both been active in the party's leadership for decades, but apparently their associates had never even seen fit to introduce them.

HOURS OF TEDIOUS RESEARCH in libraries failed to turn up any fresh anecdotes having to do with February. But then an old man from Sangamon county appeared unexpectedly with the pre- viously unpublished story of how Abe Lincoln got that famous scar on his left cheekbone. It resulted from a fall that occurred on Washington's birth- day in 1835, while the future president was serving as postmaster of New Salem. One valentine had arrived late and Abe was determined to deliver it as quickly as possible. Altho it was nearly dark, he set out on his mission. His lanky stride had carried him al- most to his destination when he step- ped on a tardy groundhog, lurched sideways, tripped over a rail fence and banged his cheek on a cherry tree.

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